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THE CASE OF MR. BROWN

THE Report of the Committee of Privileges on the case of Mr. Brown raises in dramatic form the whole issue of the independence of the Member of Parliament. It will stimulate a healthy discussion of the delicate problems involved in the receipt of payment from outside bodies in connection with parliamentary activity.

Though the Committee divided on Party lines —only Labour Members voted for the Majority Report; and Mr. Clem Davis' Minority Report was supported by Sir David Maxwell Fyffe and Earl Winterton—the facts of the case are not in dispute and the differences are chiefly of tone and emphasis. Mr. Brown was for many years the dynamic general secretary of the Civil Service Clerical Association. Until the economic crisis of 1931 he was an active Socialist, standing three times for Parliament. But, along with Mosley and John Strachey, he broke with the second Labour Government and went with the New Party into the wilderness. Since that time he has been a free-lance both as a politician and as a trade union leader, who caught the headlines with the breakaway busmen during the Coronation strike; and in 1943, during the Party truce, he won Rugby from the Conservatives with strong support from local Socialists.

On election, his contract with the Association was modified. He became Parliamentary Secretary and his old adversary, Mr. White, replaced him as General Secretary. As Parliamentary Secretary his remuneration was unaffected. He received a salary of £1,350, the use of a motor car, an expense allowance of £250, the services of a private secretary, and certain pension rights. Moreover, his appointment remained "of a permanent nature." He could terminate it by six months' notice, whereas the Association could only do so in the event of "serious and wilful misconduct" and then only by a two-thirds majority of a delegate conference. His independence was further strengthened by an addendum to the contract which declared that he (a) "shall be entitled to engage in his political activities with complete freedom" and (b) "shall deal with all questions arising in the work of the Association which require parliamentary or political action."

It is not in dispute that the Executive, disturbed by Mr. Brown's political attitude after 1945, wished to terminate the agreement and offered very generous terms, including a lump sum payment of the amount of salary due until his retiring date in 1949, and a similar payment to his secretary. Whether or not in the course of lengthy negotiations pressure was exerted amounting to an actual breach of privilege, is a matter on which the Committee could not agree. But it is clear that the cause of the trouble which led to Mr. Brown's complaint was the peculiar character of the contract which he could terminate at discretion, but the Association could not. Such a contract must be almost unique in parliamentary history. It will be a pity if discussion centres exclusively upon it and burkes the larger issue, which is of vital public interest, whether the receipt of money from outside bodies is incompatible with the complete independence of a Member.

To the layman the answer is at first sight fairly clear. If a Member is paid by an outside body, which expects him to represent its views, then his freedom is thereby fettered, whether he receives the money in director's fees, in a donation to election expenses, or in the form of a salary or pension. As the Report puts it, "it would certainly be improper for a Member to enter into any arrangement fettering his complete independence by undertaking to press some particular point of view on behalf of an outside interest, whether for reward or not." Yet the Report goes on, a few lines later, "it has long been recognised, however, that there are Members who receive financial assistance from associations of constituents or other outside bodies and . . . your Committee does not think that the making of such payments in itself involves any breach of privilege."

How is this apparent contradiction to be reconciled? If Cabinet Ministers have to resign all outside appointments and remuneration while in office, why does this not apply to all Members?

It has been a tradition of the House of Commons, lately reaffirmed by Herbert Morrison, that politics should not become a whole-time job. The House is a better place because it is largely composed of men and women who continue in their professions or occupations and bring to the debates and committees their current knowledge of outside affairs. To demand the same sacrifice of back benchers as of Cabinet Ministers would be to turn the House into a body of professional politicians, and would only be possible with a very substantial increase of salary.

Once the principle is accepted that Members can continue to work for outside bodies, the danger of improper pressure is inevitable. The railway director is as much subject to it as the railway trade unionist who, on entering Parliament, has his Member's salary made up by the Union. So is the doctor whose election expenses are made up by the B.M.A., or the teacher, on either side of the House, who receives the financial backing of the N.U.T. Even the journalist may not feel himself completely free when the issue of cuts in newsprint imports are discussed or the weekly periodicals are suppressed.

It is easy to jump to the conclusion that, if all this is so, parliamentary representation must degenerate into a mere representation of vested interests. But in practice this is not the case. If the outside body and the Member both behave with discretion, the relationship may and usually does avoid any trace of improper pressure. Everything depends on the ethical standards of the individuals involved and the corporate spirit of the House. In the special case of Mr. Brown, if he felt that undue pressure was being exerted on him from outside, he had a very simple remedy. He could have resigned his position as Parliamentary Secretary to the Association.

It is to be hoped that discussion of this case will clear up some dangerous misconceptions. The public should know both the fact that a majority of Members are financially connected with outside bodies and the justification for this arrangement. Obviously it is capable of abuse. But equally obviously the sort of person, who could be suborned by a retaining fee or directorship to speak or vote against his conscience, would be even more easily corrupted if his income was limited to his parliamentary salary. Professional

legislatures in the New World are far more susceptible to "lobbies" than the House of Commons. If we are to maintain our tradition of the part-time legislator, we must permit Members to continue, after election, their services to outside bodies which will expect them in return to look after their parliamentary interests. Once this is granted, however, there can be only a very thin dividing line between proper and improper pressure. It may well be, as the Minority Report suggests, that contractual relationships are to be deprecated. But it is idle to pretend that in forbidding a formal contract the substantial danger has been reduced. The company director who receives fees for outside work is as much liable to improper pressure as the parliamentary secretary of a trade union, though any impropriety may be more difficult to detect. To make our British system work, every Member must constitute himself his own Committee of Privileges.

Time-table for the Marshall Plan

American plans for implementing the Marshall offer are beginning to emerge. It is hoped that the Paris Conference will present its proposals by September 1st. They will then be examined, first by the State Department's planning commission under George Keenan—which will check European demands against their own estimates—and secondly by the committees on American resources set up by the President, which will compare Europe's demands with America's capacities. Then in October, after a nation-wide campaign in favour of the plan, authorisation will be sought from a special session of Congress. The chances for the plan are much better than they appeared when Mr. Marshall spoke at Harvard five weeks ago. The people throughout the country have given it far greater support than the Truman doctrine ever received, because it seems to offer some prospect of achieving its ends within a limited time. The suggestion that Europe should practise self-help and receive aid in order to become economically independent of America, has especially appealed to a people growing weary of renewed demands for dollars. At the same time Russia has given the Marshall offer notable assistance by banging the door in her own face. In the silence that followed, the Administration made it clear that the door was not locked, and that if Russia would not come in on the ground floor she might come in—on stiffer terms—at a later date. Congress, which represents the intransigent mood of the people last November, is frankly delighted that there is no prospect of being asked to vote dollars for Russia.

The Marxist Conception of Dollars

Marxism, it is said, is not a dogma but a guide to action. But, in contemporary Europe, the guide does not lead all the Marxists in the same direction. In Paris, Budapest and Tirana the Marshall plan is denounced by Communist spokesmen as a sinister plot to tie Europe to the strings pulled by American finance. Moscow radio broadcasts Tass despatches which describe M. Bidault and Mr. Bevin as the architects of a "new Munich" for having insisted upon terms which the Soviet Union could not possibly accept. But, in Rome, Signor Togliatti has reaffirmed his faith in the "true democratic spirit" of the United States, and has again asserted that Italian Communists are ready to endorse dollar aid to their country, as long as the price is not participation in an anti-Soviet front. The Czech Communists, who head the Coalition Cabinet, have gone further and agreed to take part in the coming conference in Paris. At the same time they are strengthening trade links with neighbouring States—notably by a new economic agreement with Poland—and sending a strong delegation for talks in Moscow. In both Czechoslovakia and Italy there are pressing domestic reasons why the Communists should take this accommodating position—though it is difficult to understand why M. Thorez should reject the arguments that have persuaded Signor Togliatti to smile on the Marshall plan. It is probable, moreover, that the Czech delegation will also act as unofficial observer for the other East European countries which have ostentatiously decided to abstain. If Czechoslovakia can be persuaded to co-operate in any scheme that may emerge from the Conference, it will be all to the good. She is still a more eligible candidate for dollars than most of her neighbours, and her inclusion might not jeopardise the chances of approval by the American Congress. The Czechs clearly believe that they can participate without opening their economy to dollar penetration. That experiment is crucial. If it can succeed and be joined to bi-lateral trade agreements between States in the West and East of Europe—such as Britain is now negotiating—the door will still be open for a general resumption of trade. Without it, Europe will break up into groups of American pensioners and poor autarchies.

Ramadier Stays On

By a fairly small majority the French Socialist Party has again endorsed M. Ramadier's decision to govern without the Communists. The voting at the secret session of the party's national council —2,576 to 2,058—was virtually the same as on the vote of confidence in M. Ramadier which was passed last May, after he had pushed the Communists out of his Cabinet. His Government is thus assured of a further lease of life, since it has also secured a majority of about sixty in a confidence vote of the Assembly. What, however, is the Prime Minister to do? In spite of the vote in the National Council this week, a large section of his party is pressing him to be more attentive to the workers' demands and less conciliatory to the Right. He can, it is true, drop the rebels as he dropped the Communists. But that would only exacerbate the social unrest in France. This week M. Ramadier is faced with a strike by the Civil Service Union for salary increases refused by the Government. To them, as previously to the railwaymen and miners, he must eventually give way. The only effective means of checking this wave of strikes is to bring living costs down. Yet the price of that achievement is stricter controls and increased production—two objectives that cannot be quickly secured or, perhaps, secured at all if the Communists decide to play all the cards they hold. In the long run M. Ramadier may depend upon the dollars that a successful European economic conference may wring from Congress. But that may be a very long run and doubtful at best. He clearly intends to jump from one expedient to another for the next few months, continually widening the gulf between the Government and the unions. Politically his chief aim must be to isolate the Communists and to gain what kudos he can from the Marshall plan. But he will not weaken Communist influence among the workers as long as the economic situation deteriorates. Hunger and muddle may be the end of M. Ramadier, as they have been of other French Prime Ministers.

Indian Independence

The enthusiasm with which the Indian Independence Bill has been greeted in India by both Congress and the Moslem League promises well for the future relations between Britain and the two new countries. Even with the amazing turn of events which began on June 3rd, it hardly seemed likely that 32 days later it would be possible to present a 20 Clause Bill agreed in every detail and covering such complicated issues as the temporary retention of some parts of the Government of India Act, 1935, while scrapping others, and the division of the Armed Forces. In its flexibility, combined with precision, the Bill is a masterpiece. Jinnah's sudden and unexpected decision to nominate himself as Governor-General, made doubtless to maintain himself on the same elevated plane as Gandhi, will neither affect its terms nor rule out the possibility of initial co-operation between the two Dominions, particularly as Mountbatten will remain chairman of the vital Defence Committee. The acceptance of the other Governor-Generalship by Mountbatten, after Jinnah's change of plan, was a difficult choice to make, but it was clearly the right one. His presence in India, where he is still on the best of terms with all parties, will be invaluable during the coming months. His is an example which should be followed by all other British officials who are asked by India to assist in the transition period. Their task may be difficult, emotionally and practically, but they have an essential function to perform in promoting concord between the two new countries, and success is even now being achieved in this direction. Already inter-governmental committees are working efficiently and making sound arrangements for the free passage of commerce and inhabitants between the two countries, and for the maintenance of a common tariff system. The position of the Princes is also becoming clearer. Since the intention of Travancore and Hyderabad to sever themselves from the rest of India was announced, there have been no further moves towards separatism, and several groups of States have declared their resolve to associate with the changed British India. By abolishing Paramountcy, and yet keeping in force all other existing agreements between the Princes and the Government of India until one side or the other chooses to withdraw from them, a valuable breathing space has been given to the Princes in which they can make up their minds where their ultimate interests lie. Since this gentle prod, the movement towards unity has gained impetus from the wise statement made by Patel on the establishment last Monday of a new Department to conduct the mutual affairs of the States and British India. Patel, in his approach, departed entirely from the hectoring attitude previously adopted by some Congress leaders and emphasised that Congress had no desire to interfere in any manner with the domestic affairs of the States, or to dominate them. But in his view the common need for stability and security demanded joint action: disunity could only lead to chaos and fresh calamities. On that basis there is a fair chance that the States can be wooed and won.

Mr. Lewis *v.* Mr. Taft

There was no sign this week that labour had in any way relented in its fierce struggle against the Taft-Hartley Bill. The main body of the CIO and AFL continued to plan their strategy of opposition through the courts, challenging the constitutional validity of many clauses. Only John L. Lewis, against whom the Bill was primarily aimed, dared to defy its provisions more openly. Because a coal strike, however illegal, could effectively hold the country up to ransom he was able to celebrate the passage of the Bill by demanding and receiving higher wages than he had ever mentioned before, involving a rise of $3 a day for the average miner. Mine operators indicated that this would add 75 cents per ton to the cost of coal, and thus force up the price of steel and all other commodities. However the northern mineowners (about one-third of the total) have agreed to accept the demand, though the less efficient southern mines refused on the ground that it would break them. Many "captive mines" (*i.e.*, those owned by steel mills) also refused to accept such a contract. The contract that has been signed includes a clause that virtually removes the mining industry from the scope of the Taft-Hartley Bill by stating that the contract shall only run "so long as the men are able and willing to work." This means that the penalties against unions for breaking contracts and for strikes in industries which affect the national interest are invalidated. By winning this fight Lewis has shown organised labour its power against a reactionary Congress. Since it also seems likely that half the mines will be closed for some time in protest against

the Labour Bill, the country at large will be able to judge the merits of a tough policy towards labour. Mr. Lewis has struck the first blow for labour in the struggle against Mr. Taft and the Republicans.

Useful American Intervention

There now seems an excellent chance of avoiding further war in Indonesia. The American Note offering economic aid to an interim Government had the effect of curbing the enthusiasms of the Dutch military and naval authorities to fight against the Indonesian Republic and of discouraging the extremist Indonesians who were an embarrassment to Dr. Sjahrir. The warlike and dictatorial attitude of the Dutch authorities in Indonesia towards a Republic to which they had promised independence and dominion status naturally made the Indonesians suspicious of their intentions. The new Indonesian Premier, Amir Sjarifoeddin, after several meetings of his Cabinet, sent a reply to the Netherlands East Indies Government This reply makes several concessions, including an agreement that foreign relations will be conducted in accordance with Dutch sovereignty during the transition period until January 1st, 1949, when the United States of Indonesia will be set up under the Dutch Crown. It recognises property rights in the Republic and proposes a settlement of the vexed problem of the police force. There still remains the problem of the composition and powers of the interim Government.

The I.L.O. and Eastern Europe

The Yugoslav Government has given the necessary two years' notice of its intention to resign from the International Labour Organisation, on the ground that "the constitutional provision and the structure of the I.L.O. have become incompatible wtih the economic and social conditions in Yugoslavia, and do not reflect the general trend of developments in those fields in the post-war world." The reference, of course, is to the tripartite structure of the I.L.O., which, in effect, assumes the existence of governments, employers and trade unions as three independent parties to the settlement of industrial conditions, and is barely compatible either with situations in which the State controls the main industries or with political systems which deny independent existence to trade unions. The Soviet Union, never an active partner in the I.L.O.'s affairs, has long ceased to take any part in it; but the other States of Eastern Europe have been active members. It seems highly unlikely that all the governments under Soviet influence will now follow Yugoslavia's example. The Czechs and Poles will, in all probability, wish to retain their connection with the only available machinery for international regulation of industrial conditions, even if their governments are not at all satisfied with the I.L.O.'s present structure or with the position in it of States which possess no trade union movements recognised by the W.F.T.U.

Royal Engagement

On Wednesday a leak from Athens confirmed the popular expectation of an engagement between Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten. The official announcement followed on Thursday morning. We have reason to believe that this is not a marriage of political convenience—a statement that will surprise some know-alls who recall the past history of royal marriages and the present relations of Britain with the ruling group in Greece. For some months it has been clear that Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip were in love with each other. Lieutenant Mountbatten is an intelligent and likeable young man, much influenced in his career by his uncle, Lord Mountbatten, who has shown himself so remarkably alive to post-war issues. We believe that the future Prince Consort also possesses a quality that we are indeed lucky to find in royal personages.

PARLIAMENT: Dollar Dialectic

Wednesday

A DEBATE on output per man-hour last Thursday served as an appetiser for a week of full-scale consideration of our economic plight, which culminated on Tuesday in a discussion on what to do when the dollars run out. The first debate was most remarkable for a sharp flick on the ears of the T.U.C. horse by Isaacs, who repeatedly insisted that all sides of industry must examine methods of payment by result and adopt them wherever possible. And that went for the building trade, too, from which Regulation 56 A.B. will shortly be withdrawn.

The occasion for the review of the import programme had been provided by a previous Dalton announcement of a slash in the import of newsprint—financially negligible—and of tobacco. The serious effect intended by these cuts (later described by Dalton as a routine adjustment) had been ruined, Eden declared, by the optimism of the Minister of Food. Our coal production, the end of the seller's market, the failure to buy more capital equipment, the non-discrimination clauses of the Loan Agreement, were all subjects which he found productive of inquiry and gloom. The only solution was for the Labour Government to unite the country and the workers by dropping all its Socialist legislation. This tentative approach to Coalition was virtuously rejected by Morrison, who, however, seemed no happier than Eden and a good deal below his usual brisk form. The gap between imports and exports for the year mid-1947 to mid-1948 was £450 million. Somehow the gap must be bridged, although there was no known way of doing it. He had no suggestions at the moment beyond stating the extent and gravity of the problem. Most of his speech seemed to be directed to occupants of the press gallery. A sleepy House was kept awake by the noise they made in turning the pages of the text with which they had been furnished and Members had not.

R. W. G. Mackay then urged the House to look 25 years backwards and forwards. Before the war our proportion of world trade had steadily declined. We must copy America and get a huge free market of 250 million people through an economic union of Europe. Benson thought the answer lay in closing the gap ourselves without dollar aid. That meant shutting down all industries devoted to non-essentials like cigarette lighters and compacts: men (he cautiously left out women) must have no new clothes for two years. Clem Davies, and he was the only Member who attempted it, suggested a cut in the Armed Forces. Meanwhile, the questions of the Tories, who felt that it was no business of theirs to offer constructive proposals, apart from maintaining that the Government ought to sink its principles and adopt theirs, flickered on. This last suggestion Stanley hotly repudiated as implying that they hankered after a return to Coalition, and he compared Morrison to "a not-so-young lady who refuses a proposal which has not been and is never likely to be made to her."

It was Jay who really gave the House something to bite on and who achieved the feat, worthy of imitation by others, of putting all his proposals into a convincing eight minutes. If no dollars were forthcoming, drastic cuts must be set in train now, and no timidity should restrain cuts in the less important foodstuffs. That, with energetic efforts to make the Marshall offer flourish, was the only way he could see out of the morass. Dalton seemed to be in full concord, only disagreeing about the date on which this action was to begin. He was wisely not prepared to cut unless and until it was clear that no dollars were coming, because of the repercussions on industry and production. He could not cope with people who wanted less austerity and more austerity at one and the same time, and he could not immediately cut food while "Lord Woolton is withering away outside." At present, the expenditure of dollars would continue at £800 million a year.

Doubtless relief from all this gloom accounted for the extraordinary hilarity with which the House treated the marriage of British women to German P.o.W.s. They may certainly wed them if they please but they will lose their nationality, and their husbands will remain incarcerated, with the ultimate prospect of being shipped back to Germany. And unfortunately Bellenger has not yet had time to review the shocking sentence of twelve months on Wetter.

PHINEAS TERTIUS

THE HOPE OF EUROPE

THE nations, said Dr. Dalton last Tuesday, are like a lot of children playing marbles. One is getting all the marbles, and the game cannot go on unless something is done to give some back to the other children. This is an apt picture of the purpose of the Paris Conference. Mr. Bevin and his colleagues must work out a plan for European reconstruction which will enable us all to re-enter the game of dollar exchange.

But time is desperately short. Lack of dollars is already compelling government after government to impose import restrictions and so to intensify the crisis. Though we ourselves are slightly better placed than other countries, it is now clear from the Chancellor's grave statement that, unless Congress acts this autumn, Britain will have to cut her imports by at least twenty-five per cent, even though this will involve a decrease of exports, a sharp cut in rations and large-scale unemployment. Disaster in France is even more imminent.

Mr. Bevin is now aware that nothing will be gained by sacrificing European unity in the hope of winning dollar assistance for an unviable Western bloc. His aim is nothing less than the economic unity of Europe, and his hope is that Britain and France will act as a funnel through which American assistance can flow to every European people. He is rightly jubilant that Czechoslovakia has accepted his invitation because he realises that western and eastern Europe are interdependent. His aim is to put before Congress a plan which will make sense not to the chiefs of staff and to the ideological crusaders, but to hard-headed business men like Mr. Clayton.

In the long run there is clearly no valid reason why the countries of Europe, even without the Soviet Union, should not purchase enough to cover the consumers' needs, on the supposition that they are able to exchange their surpluses for goods of which they cannot purchase enough on their combined territory. They are not producing nearly enough now to meet this condition, and it will be some time yet before they can produce enough, however wisely they may order their affairs. It took Europe at least half a dozen years to regain its pre-war production after 1918; and the destruction and dislocation are much worse and more extensive now than they were after the First World War. If only economic obstacles had to be encountered, recovery would be a matter of time. Europe could be able again to live within its combined income if only the countries comprising it could trade with reasonable freedom among themselves, could advance some way towards planning their production in common, and could exchange their collective surpluses for materials and foodstuffs from the rest of the world.

In order to achieve this result, however, the European countries imperatively need help in the immediate future—help not only in keeping their peoples alive and fit for work, but also in re-equipping their devastated and worn-out industrial equipment, in mechanising and developing their agricultural methods, and in rebuilding their transport system. They need capital as well as current advances, and need them on a very large scale. If too little is forthcoming to meet both these needs, inevitably what is made available will be used mainly for current sustenance and not for replenishing productive power; and if that happens conditions may well continue to deteriorate for some time yet, because the longer the productive agencies are left derelict,

the more difficult will their rehabilitation become.

Even if adequate aid is forthcoming, it by no means follows that it will be put to good use. Indeed, it can be so only if the countries of Europe, or at least a good number of them, act together in pursuance of a concerted recovery plan. That is why Mr. Molotov's conception, of each country stating its own needs separately, without any attempt to build them all up into a unified programme, utterly fails to fill the bill. But—here comes the real point—there is no possibility at all of formulating a workable European plan without including Germany in it, or without planning to make the fullest possible use of Germany's productive power. No plan for Europe—or even for Western Europe—that leaves out Germany can possibly make sense, for the simple reason that Western Germany is industrially the area with the highest productive potentiality in all Europe, and the transfer of this potentiality to other European countries is, in the short run, impracticable.

We in Europe—as many of us as are represented in the coming Paris Conference—have to make a concerted plan of action; and the plan must cover Germany, or at the least, Western Germany. It will have, moreover, to be a plan which in certain respects runs counter to American pre-conceived ideas. The Americans have been trying to build up a world-wide system of multilateral trade to the exclusion of all forms of "discrimination" (except those from which they desire to practise themselves), and seeking a system of international lending or investment involving open access for American capital to all countries. But this so-called "non-discriminative" system is simply not consistent with the sort of planning to which Europe must resort in order to rebuild its productive power and cease to depend upon American bounty for its means of life.

But a ruined Europe cannot plan for continental reconstruction unless it is allowed both to control its collective export trade by means of monetary regulations, which are disallowed under the Bretton Woods Plan, and to adopt methods of mutual trading which fly full in the face of the prohibitions on discrimination which are embodied in the American-inspired draft Trade Charter at present under discussion at Geneva. Any planning for European unity involves arrangements for the development of mutual trade within Europe, by mutual tariff concessions, both purchase agreements and payment regulations, which are flatly inconsistent with American notions of "free, capitalist enterprise." Moreover, if any European Plan is to work well, it must include special trading arrangements with those countries in Europe (including the Soviet Union) which remain outside the general plan; and on the assumption that Great Britain is to be a partner, it must also include special arrangements to cover mutual trade between the countries of the British Commonwealth. The task ahead of European statesmen, including our own, is to make the Americans understand that without these provisions no European money plan will stand any chance of success. So far from imposing upon us conditions more stringent than were imposed in connection with the Loan, the Americans must relax these conditions in a number of ways; and they must avoid any imposition of similar handicaps on other countries which are in need of their help. If, on the other hand, they do impose such conditions, we and the rest of Europe may not be able to avoid accepting them; but there will not be the smallest chance of their being observed for a moment longer than the Americans continue to fork out the dollars—and, what is more, the dollars will certainly be wasted, in the sense that they will not be used to construct a European economy capable of standing on its own feet.

Can we persuade the Americans to recognise this slow necessity? Not easily, at best; for in all these fields there are very strong prejudices to overcome. A good deal, however, has happened to enlighten opinion since Lord Keynes tried his arts of persuasion in vain. What is clear is that we stand no chance of translating the vague Marshall "offer" into acceptable fact unless we Europeans ourselves are prepared to go very much further than we have gone hitherto towards the building up of a collective economic plan of our own.

What does this involve, above all in respect of Western Germany? It involves in the first place, throwing over Potsdam as definitely invalidated by the failure to achieve economic unity, and, in the second place, treating the Ruhr as a reservoir of productive capacity to be used to the full in meeting the needs of Europe, with no restrictions beyond those which are necessary to prevent the area from becoming a basis for German rearmament. This, however, cannot be done without offering the Russians a share in the revived German production, even if they refuse to be partners to the plan under which the recovery is achieved. For the Russians, when all is said and done, have a legitimate claim to secure a share in German reparations as soon as Western Germany has become economically an asset instead of a liability. It would be both wrong and foolish to try to make a recovered Western Germany a monopolistic area for Non-Soviet Europe—foolish because the success of any concerted European plan, even if it does not extend to the East, depends on the establishment of active trading relations between East and West and in the exchange of their respective surpluses. It is to the interest of *all* Europe to promote recovery over *all* Europe, even if *all* Europe cannot be brought within the ambit of a single common plan.

There is no absolute reason why the conclusion of an agreement of Europe to seek American help without the Soviet Union should involve a sharp breach between East and West unless either the Russians are determined that this shall be its effect, or the Americans make it a condition. Nor is there any conclusive evidence as yet that either of these things is bound to happen. There is no doubt grave danger on both sides—that the Russians will persist in interpreting European efforts at self-preservation as manoeuvres of imperialist capitalism, and that the Americans, if they are driven to modify their economic prescriptions for world recovery, will set about stabilising political prescriptions of a no less disastrous kind. Neither of these dangers, however, is as yet inescapable, if only the European States that do come together to devise a collective policy in response to the Marshall offer, show an equal awareness of both dangers and a readiness to plan boldly for their avoidance. In order to do this, they must plan for a real limitation of national economic sovereignty; and they must make it abundantly plain that they are aiming, not, as in the inter-war period, at restriction, but at an expansion of their productive power which, while developing mutual trade among themselves, will also make them better markets and better fields for investment for other countries with surpluses to sell or to invest. The present American trade policy gets its main appeal from the belief, honestly held by its promoters, that it is directed primarily against restrictivism and is calculated to throw down obstacles in the way of higher production. If it can be shown that Europe, in planning for itself, is also planning for an expansion of world trade and investment, the conditions for an appeal to American public opinion will be radically altered. Equally, if Western Europe can prove to the Russians that it is seeking, not to cut them out or isolate them, but to create an instrument that can be used for the economic development of Eastern Europe and for the re-equipment of the Soviet Union itself, Moscow's suspicions may be at least enough allayed to deter the Russians from egging on its Western followers to play the part of wreckers wherever they can.

These then are the conditions which must be created in order to prevent a complete economic collapse in the next twelve months. The difficulties in the way are formidable, and success depends almost entirely on British statesmanship. By turning the Harvard speech into the Bevin plan, the Foreign Secretary seized the initiative. If he can hold it in the coming weeks, wear down mutual suspicions of West and East, and lay the foundations of European economic unity, disaster can still be avoided—at the twelfth hour.

A LONDON DIARY

Amid all the speculation about why Molotov came to Paris if he intended to leave slamming the door, no one seems to have thought that perhaps he came with one brief and left in accordance with another. Yet friends in Paris tell me that for two days the Russian delegation—which was a large body of their foremost experts whom the Kremlin could hardly spare for week-end pleasure trips—seemed intent on making the Marshall plan work. The Soviet economists fully agreed that American production was needed to rehabilitate Europe, and in discussion never showed any sign of wishing to obstruct such rehabilitation. Then suddenly the line changed. Presumably the balance in the Politburo shifted and Molotov was told to break the party up. As he had only forty-eight hours to plan his exit it was not done with the stagecraft that usually accompanies Russian moves, and the iron curtain fell on a scene that showed the amateurish faults of a hurried charade.

* * *

It would not be surprising if Moscow decided only at the last moment not to co-operate with the Marshall plan. There have always been two Soviet policies, just as there have been two American and British policies. The object of intelligent people has been to encourage those in the Politburo who have thought it in the Russian interest to co-operate. For the time, at any rate, this effort has failed. The effect in the West must be to turn even the most leftward thoughts towards America. How is even a Communist leader to say to his followers: "Because Russia fears the effect of American dollars in Europe, we must reject them even though it means hunger and bankruptcy?" The Soviet decision surely creates the very danger of a Western bloc that the Soviet most fears.

* * *

Remarkable confirmation of my comment last week on the Bureau of Current Affairs now reaches me from the Duchess of Atholl. She writes to me as she did to *The Times*, to explain that the League for European Freedom, of which she is chairman, had long detected signs of pro-Soviet bias in the B.C.A. pamphlets. She even encloses detailed notes on B.C.A. pamphlets she sent to the Carnegie Trust, which is giving financial aid to B.C.A. Apparently the League found Russian bias not only in *The Soviet Angle* by Ralph Parker (then the Moscow correspondent of *The Times*), but also in Barbara Ward's excellent pamphlet *Democracy, East and West*. There is something quite fantastic in the naivety of the League's comments. The Duchess does not seem to have understood that it has been official British and American policy to collaborate with Russia, and that the object of these pamphlets was to explain the Russian point of view for the benefit of discussion classes. Barbara Ward is an ardent Catholic and I regard her pamphlet as a really remarkable effort to produce a fair and objective picture, designed to enable students to see the difficulties of working with a revolutionary country, whose idea of democracy is not civil liberty, but government for the benefit of workers who have overthrown an ancient aristocracy.

* * *

I hope General Franco enjoyed his little joke. All Spanish citizens who were not disfranchised for their political opinions, were compelled to cast their vote upon a most important matter. They could vote for Franco—or for Franco. In the one case for Franco as Caudillo, in the other

case for Franco, translated, like Horthy, into Head of a theoretical Kingdom. Burdened by so onerous a responsibility, the Spanish voter may not have worried very much even if, as the *Daily Herald* correspondent in Madrid reported, he sometimes found his ballot paper already completed before he voted.

* * *

There is something peculiarly poignant about the repeated S O S appeals for streptomycin. As it is supposed to be the one and only cure for tubercular meningitis, distracted parents will naturally go to any trouble and expense to get it. Unhappily the truth, I'm told, is that very little is yet known about the effects of the drug. Some patients have been left paralysed, blind or otherwise disabled, but it is not clear whether these calamities are caused by the action of streptomycin or by the irremediable inroads of the disease on the brain before the drug saves the patient's life. Streptomycin was developed in America about three years ago and even there the production is small; in Britain it is negligible. It is more difficult and more costly to produce than penicillin. At present Britain, like several other countries, is officially getting a share of American supplies. These official imports are under the control of the British Medical Research Council which allocates quantities to some half a dozen centres where clinical trials are being made under controlled conditions.

It is now announced that the Emergency Bed Service will inform doctors in the Home Counties where a patient may be sent to receive streptomycin treatment should there be a vacancy—but there are, alas, few vacancies. Such a service, useful though it is, provides no solution and appeals in some form seem likely to continue even if they produce quite an inadequate quantity of the drug. Who can blame parents for urging doctor and friends alike to procure, by hook or by crook, some streptomycin, however little? It is said that 350 grammes are needed to treat a single case of tubercular meningitis and that British production will be about 250 grammes a month sometime next year. We need a forthright official statement dealing with the medical results of the trials and production possibilities.

* * *

The proverb about a prophet having no honour certainly does not apply to Sir John Boyd Orr. Scotland has been embarrassingly lavish in its recognition of him as its greatest living son. He has found himself simultaneously Chancellor and Lord Rector of his own University of Glasgow. It is the first time in academic history that it has happened. The Lord Rector is elected by the students. The Chancellor, the highest honour, is appointed by the graduates. It is like being a Commoner and Peer at the same time. Sir John, who has been Lord Rector for a year, had reluctantly to resign his student's honour when he was invested with the other.

* * *

Smudge (tabby and tortoiseshell) steadily refused the hospitality of a nicely lined box in the kitchen and insisted on giving birth to three kittens on my bed. Wanting to go to bed myself I put them firmly into the box before turning in. I don't know how long I had been asleep when she climbed into bed beside me carrying kitten No. 1. I made room for her against my chest and the three of us settled down. She purred so loudly that it took me some time to go to sleep again. I woke up again when she decided to fetch the second kitten. He was wriggly and kept climbing up my pyjamas. When eventually she fetched the third kitten after another restless interval of about half an hour I decided that five in bed was a crowd. So I replaced the kittens in the box and shut the bedroom door. I found her contentedly with them in the morning. Later, I took two of the mites and murdered them. At first she showed no sign of even noticing their loss. I am not sure whether she ever did notice it. The only evidence I have is that after some hours she got up and walked round a bit and then seized her remaining kitten and once more deposited it in my bed—this time safely in the middle of it, underneath the counterpane. They have stayed there in perfect contentment ever since. I wish I were not so ignorant of cat psychology. Why was Smudge at first happy with one kitten during the night, and what determined the intervals at which she recalled her duties to her other offspring? And if she remembered three kittens in the night, why has her happy song never been interrupted by the very sudden reduction of her family by two-thirds?

CRITIC

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE

Moscow retires in a cloud of suspicion,
Her right to continued obstruction is waived,
The planners proceed, despite Europe's partition,
No longer by dictates of Potsdam enslaved.
Though Powers are shocked by the Soviet animus,
Relief in high quarters is plainly unanimous—
Out goes the U.N. Economic Commission,
And Uno is shipwrecked but Europe is saved.

The Marshall proposals will not be impeded,
The central objective in Paris was gained,
The Soviet abstention was all that was needed,
And Molotov promptly and warmly abstained.
The breakdown by no means surprised all beholders,
But it rests fair and square upon Molotov's shoulders,
Though Bevin and Bidault with eloquence pleaded,
The Soviet acceptance could not be obtained.

Marshall proposes but Congress disposes,
Americans vote every dollar and dime,
And will U.S. taxpayers pay through their noses
To temper the wind in the Soviet clime?
No. Molotov knows that opinion Congressional
Shows a Communist phobia almost obsessional,
And with Moscow's refusal the Conference closes—
A gesture of sacrifice almost sublime.

Never was veto more keenly expected,
To Russia's departure the world is resigned,
The breach was completed, the deadlock effected—
Was Molotov cruel, perhaps, to be kind?
Reciprocal insults are bandied politely,
But never in Europe has hope burned more brightly,
No chance of accord was in Paris neglected,
But, thank God and Stalin, the Soviet declined!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to D. R. Chesterman.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

He had sold dozens of pairs of these swimming trunks made of a new plastic material before someone discovered it was soluble in water.—*Southport Guardian.*

"I have no fear of atomic bombs," remarked the speaker, "a good six-inch wall is sufficient protection against any atom bomb, as it was against bombs during the recent war, providing that you are not too near it, of course."—From a speech by Captain Harry Ward, M.C., reported in *Windsor, Slough and Eton Express.*

I was very horrified to see that some of the guests seemed suddenly to forget any manners they had ever learnt and stood on their chairs to watch the Royal party assemble for tea, an inexcusable gesture at any party, but quite unforgivable at a Royal Garden Party.—*The Tatler.*

Mr. E. Vanstone suggested letting the public decide, but Ald. C. F. Dart said they found that in the Sunday kinema opening polls the decent people were too decent to be associated with voting.—*The Western Morning News.*

OIL

II. A MIDDLE EAST SETTLEMENT

MR. BEVIN'S forecast of a 25 per cent drop in Britain's standard of life if our troops leave the Middle East is calculated, not on the loss of oil sales—since the cost of the garrison outweighs the net income from the oil—but on the loss of the oil itself, an essential lubricant and source of energy for industry and transport. If the U.S.A. no longer had access to Middle East Oil, she would still have her native resources, and the related petroleum of Venezuela. We would have to beg for oil.

To retain a proper share of Middle East oil, and not let either the U.S.A., Russia or the Arab States crowd us out, must be a principal objective of our policy. The task of statesmanship is to achieve that purpose within a general settlement which will make the oil fairly available to all. Only thus will the geographical coincidence that the Causasian oilfields are, in effect, an extension of the Middle East oil province, favour mutual aid, rather than war, permitting in turn the withdrawal of our troops.

Oil chiefs don't like agreements by elected Governments which interfere with the sovereignty of oil companies. But despite the bitter resistance of business men, both in the U.S.A. and Great Britain to Governmental interference, Roosevelt, Ickes and Rayner, the State Department's Petroleum advisers, have never flagged in trying to conclude the Anglo-American Petroleum Agreement, which would result in an international agreement for the "orderly development of the international petroleum trade."

"But," said Mr. Pew, the President of Sun Oil, to the Petroleum Industry War Council on October 24th, 1944, "the Oil Agreement sets forth objectives which can only be achieved through production control, control of marketing or control of prices. What is that but a cartel?"

He was right. But a cartel controlled by responsible Governments in the public interest, is vastly different from a cartel organised by oil companies, responsible only to their shareholders, in the limited interest of the shareholders. An archivist, digging up the 1944 Agreement on Petroleum (Cmd. 6555) will find among its clauses the vestigial remains of the Atlantic Charter. Supplies of petroleum, it declares, should be available in accordance with the principles of the Atlantic Charter, at fair prices and on a non-discriminatory basis, and an International Petroleum Council should be set up. The 1944 Agreement was never ratified by the Senate. There were too many oil-men like Pew, who objected to Governments muscling-in on their territory.

The 1945 Petroleum Agreement (Cmd. 6683) itself still unratified, is the 1944 Agreement, gelded. Starting with a preamble which says, in effect, that it's a good thing to have a lot of oil, and nice to agree on how it should be shared out, it has been hedged in with so many safeguards and insurances for the oil companies, that its intention—that Governments should control the international oil industry in accordance with international policy—has withered away. The International Petroleum Council, proposed in the 1944 Agreement as part of a long-term settlement to which all countries may adhere, is preserved; but the International Petroleum Commission for immediate bi-national consultation between the U.S.A. and Great Britain has become, in the 1945 Agreement, a mere study circle. Neither agreement provides for an executive body to carry out its provisions. The 1945 Agreement is a verbal compromise concealing antithetic views, a curtain to hide the oil companies' unyielding resistance to State intervention.

Whether the oil companies like it or not, their affairs are now matters of Governmental interest, and in the Middle East, where military and commercial strategy are interwoven, the Govern-

ments of the U.S.A., Great Britain and the Soviet Union must either evolve an oil policy which will compose their now conflicting claims even if it distresses the oil corporations, or accept the alternative of a fight. The tendency to monopoly of the oil companies, their restrictive agreements and the large scale of their undertakings, have made the problem of organising the oil industry of the Middle East far easier than would have been the case if the smaller prospectors had multiplied instead of being sucked into the maw of the big corporations. The largest of the British oil companies is the £33,000,000 Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., Ltd. in Iran.

Apart from a concession controlled by this Company, Iraq is covered by three concessions held by the Iraq Petroleum Co., the Mosul Petroleum Co., and the Basrah Petroleum Co., with a total capital of £37,000,000. The Iraq Petroleum Company is, in itself, an international consortium of private enterprise. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company owns 23¾ per cent. of its shares; Royal Dutch Shell, the Compagnie Française des Petroles and Standard Oil of New Jersey (in partnership with Socony Vacuum) own 23¾ per cent.

Whatever fears these companies may have had about "ultra-commercial" agreements the 1945 Agreement has allayed by its undertaking to protect existing concession rights. That may account for the recent intensification of the oil prospectors' activity as, for example, in Transjordan, where the Iraq Petroleum Co. was recently granted exclusive rights for the exploration and exploitation of petroleum in Transjordan for the next 75 years.

What the producing countries derive from foreign concessions may be stated briefly as a royalty of eight shillings gold per ton, or a shilling an American barrel, or a rising standard of life for the kinglets, princelets and sheikhs of the region. Although under the stimulus of the British Government an important new housing estate has been built for the Iranian Oil workers at Abadan, the benefits to the local inhabitants from the oil companies' operations have not been the most conspicuous of their by-products. The traditional form of concession—the type which enabled Ibn Saud to press, in 1941, for £7½ millions advance royalties—will not satisfy the popular movements of the Middle East, which are asking for a share in their native resources, and are not content that their rulers should sell them for the price of a new palace, five wives and two tanks.

The oil of the Middle East is a matter of international concern. The United Nations Organisation should therefore supervise its development and disposal, in the interests of the inhabitants of the region, and of all the countries who need its exportable oil. It is a weakness of the Anglo-American Oil Agreement that, in seeking a world settlement, it multiplies conflict with the oil companies of the producing countries who do not want their domestic arrangements disturbed. In confining ourselves, to begin with, to a *Middle East* Oil Agreement, we will have limited the scope of the problem to a region and a small number of monopolising firms. Our first step must be to establish a Middle East Oil Organisation, on the model of the European Coal Organisation. Russia, unwilling to enter the European Coal Organisation through an undue attachment to her sovereignty and her ample coal, is unlikely, in view of her shrinking oil resources to refuse to enter a Middle East Oil Organisation. The Oil Organisation, like the European Coal Organisation, would not have executive powers; its board, representative of the main oil producing and consuming countries, would recommend oil quotas, as the E.C.O. recommends coal quotas. The Economic Council of the United Nations Organisation will observe its progress.

But the Middle East Oil Organisation will inevitably be subjected to the lobbying, the pressure, the contempt and the disloyalty of the oil companies. A stable Middle East settlement requires a "supra-commercial" instrument to apply it, a functional body to which the states concerned will renounce a small degree of their sovereignty. The next step forward from the Middle East Oil Organisation is to create a Middle East Oil Corporation which will take over the great concessionaries of the Middle East; on whose Board all the countries actively interested in Middle East oil will be represented; and which will be responsible to the Economic Council of UNO. On the international plane, the Middle East Oil Corporation would be what our Coal Board is on the national plane—an agent of public policy which will have absorbed and co-ordinated individualistic and contending companies. It will buy out the great oil companies, and compensate their shareholders with stock at low rates of interest. If new capital is required, the member-States will be able to contribute capital, and draw corresponding national dividends. But the oil allocations, which will be sold in the normal commercial way will be based on the decisions of the Board and will be related to needs, not to national shareholdings.

In this "inter-nationalisation" of the investments of the Middle East oil companies—a process involving the acquisition by the British and U.S. Governments of the Middle East holdings of British and U.S. subjects—there is no question, as the Foreign Secretary has feared, of Britain putting everything in the pool while everyone else puts in nothing. The effect of a Middle East Oil Corporation in which Britain and America will have sacrificed nothing but exclusiveness, will be to secure both oil and peace.

The distinction between the Middle East Oil Corporation and a company like the Iraq Petroleum Co., with its international partners, is that the Corporation would cover the whole region, its purposes would be determined by public policy, under the eye of U.N.O., and it would be open to all. Instead of Russia staring suspiciously across the Persian mountains at the fertile petroleum-fields of Iran and Arabia, she would be admitted into the board-room of the nations, there to have fair accesss to the oil she desperately needs. The same is true of France and, in due course, will be true of Italy, Germany and perhaps India. Exclusiveness in the matter of oil is a *casus belli*. A Middle East Oil Corporation would serve, in a practical form, those ends towards which the Foreign Secretary has been groping. It would provide an orderly method of developing a rich but backward area of the world, and make its resources available to all; it would directly seek to raise the standard of life of the native inhabitants; it would establish that a small cession of sovereignty, even before the remote ideal of World Government is realised, can produce practical benefits now; it would enable Russia and Britain to grow together; and, above all, it would calm a dangerous area of friction, now inflamed to the point of war, into a healthful activity.

MAURICE EDELMAN

INDIAN BOYCOTT

THE organised boycott of Indian traders by Whites in South Africa has created a serious situation. When the South African parliament first passed its controversial Indian Act, India immediately replied with a complete embargo on all goods exported to South Africa. This resulted in a grave shortage of jute bags, which badly hit South African farmers with large crops of maize, wheat and potatoes waiting to be reaped and marketed. In answer meetings were held all over the Transvaal and Natal pledging the local inhabitants to support a boycott against the Indian community. Trained speakers, many of them university professors and seasoned politicians, whipped up enthusiasm. A national headquarters with a paid staff, and the promise of printed pamphlets and a weekly newspaper, came into being and machinery for the operation of a nation-wide campaign has been established.

Already the boycott movement, started as a reprisal, is to-day as far from its original intention as Schweizer Reinecke is from Bombay. Those (such as Gen. Smuts) who argue that the movement is simply a pay-out against India, which started the boycott first, must be unaware of what has been happening on the platteland, of the political significance of the development, or of its intense religious colouring which prompts ministers to refer to it as "a sacred Christian crusade against the threat of Mahomedanism and Hinduism which threatens to engulf us." Another disturbing factor about the movement is that Afrikaans, and English-speaking people alike, members of both United and Nationalist Parties, have shown the same bitter intolerance and have united in this racial campaign, throwing aside their traditional political divisions. The original sponsors of the movement, the Transvaal Agricultural Union, are no longer at the head of the movement. University professors, business men and political leaders linked with the Nationalist Party, the Ossewabrandwag and the New Order are now in full control.

In the early stages the resolutions passed at all meetings were uniform. They spoke of accepting the challenge from India by a counter-boycott, ensuring that no European or native bought from Indians, establishing co-operatives wherever there was need, and fighting on a united non-party platform. But early in March there was a perceptible change in the aims and objects of the movement. It is now committed to achieving the following objectives:

The elimination of Indians from the economic life of South Africa and their consequent repatriation to India. A total boycott of Indian trade and investment and of any organisation employing Indians. The overhaul of the marketing and distribution of vegetables and fruit to eliminate the Indian hawker. The reintroduction of the registration of consumers, as envisaged under rationing, to simplify the campaign against the Indians.

Prominent in policy-forming are Prof. Cronje, author of "Africa without the Asiatic" and Prof. F. J. Labuschagne. Samples of the latter's views are: "The Indian is a parasite in the full meaning of the word," and "The Indian in South Africa remains an integral part of India. He belongs to a great religious and cultural group and it is in this fact that the greatest danger exists."

Mr. Oswald Pirow, K.C., leader of the "National-Socialist New Order" adds his voice to the purpose of the boycott movement: "The Indian must know that his attitude has made only one solution possible for his problem: Return to India. That is why the Europeans have decided to make his return as easy as possible by making his stay here as unpleasant as possible."

However, not all the platteland is united behind the boycott leaders. In Swartruggens and elsewhere, anti-boycotters have been waylaid and social and economic measures are being taken against those who refuse to co-operate. In many centres pickets are placed outside all Indian shops. Whenever a European enters he is watched. As he leaves he is approached and reasons, not always courteously framed, are advanced as to why he should fall into line. Indian customers of Indian shops, hoping to avoid the boycott, send their native servants to make their purchases, but even they are confronted and asked who their employers are. In Middelburg and elsewhere the local committee has decided to do "huisbesoek" to ensure that each European family will be personally visited to be won over if possible. This also enables the "huisbesoekers" to note down all those who refuse to co-operate. At Vereeniging and elsewhere there has been discussion about issuing every boycotter with a badge so that every non-boycotter will stand condemned in the full nakedness of his badgeless dishonour and it is proposed also to extend the boycott to non-boycotters. Vast plans have been announced for

the permanent headquarters which is to be set up to ensure the continued drive of the boycott movement.

One way of calling the boycott leaders' bluff would be for the Indian Government to suspend their embargo on goods to the Union. The embargo as it stands, is not wholly justifiable in the absence of Uno authority for India to impose sanctions on South Africa. If this Indian Government decision were rescinded it might help to make the task of those who are fighting the intense anti-Indian racialism in South Africa easier. But whether India chooses this path or not it is obvious from the line of propaganda that has now been developed that the boycott is merely a smokescreen for the political machinations of the promoters of racial discord in South Africa.

COLIN LEGUM

BUTLIN JOYS

"Oh, the noise . . . and the *people* . . ." is how a Guards Officer is reported to have described his reactions to Dunkirk. That, too, is the essence of most of the criticism directed at Butlin camps. Loudspeakers? Certainly; but they are only used, apart from infrequent half-minute announcements and occasional commentaries in small areas of the camp, for the early morning call at 7.45 and for a short popular request programme of gramophone records at 11 o'clock. In the dance-halls in the evenings there is noise because dance bands are designed to that end and because dancers like to sing "Knees Up, Mother Brown," and join in conga lines. They do the same at the Hammersmith Palais de Danse. Laughter and high spirits? By all means; it is precisely to indulge themselves in these horrifying pleasures that the vast majority of our ignorant and deluded population go on holiday. Vulgarity? People in the mass are always a little vulgar. That is the meaning of the word. But it is a *non sequitur* to assume that they are necessarily offensive because they are enjoying themselves, or that all their worst instincts rise to the surface. Solomon, the London Symphony Orchestra, the Old Vic, are as popular at Butlin's as the variety shows. No solitude? Even that can be got without much effort in the quiet rooms, on the nearby beaches or in the surrounding countryside and there is not the slightest attempt to cajole the exceptional camper into mass jollifications.

But if Butlin camps are so successful, there must be something wrong with them. All that regimentation and organised amusement, for instance . . . Of course, there are rules and elaborate arrangements. Every community has them and would be an anti-democratic shambles without them. They are not vicious unless they fail to reflect the requirements and wishes of those for whom they are made, and no one could accuse Butlin of imposing unpopular restrictions or forcing his campers to be cheerful when they would rather be unhappy. The whole of the Butlin technique is aimed at finding out what the customers want and then providing it. A week (only 10 per cent. can either stay for or afford two weeks) is too short a time to instil new conceptions to which there is strong resistance. If an idea flops, it is discarded at once. If it catches on, it is developed. However regrettable it may be to some, holiday makers like their entertainments to be thought out for them and put across with slickness and punch. They revel in competitions, in beauty contests, in Keep Fit classes, and in going on organised hikes. But the regulations that ensure the comfort and amusement of 5,000 Butlin campers at once are neither obtrusive nor domineering. They are merely adequate to the situation and are presented with good humour, tact and persuasiveness. They are not resented because, in so far as they are noticed at all, they are recognised as essential.

Illicit sex is ruled out by physical exhaustion and by postal bookings made often six months ahead, together with the necessity to produce ration books which make deception difficult. Another obstacle is that each chalet holds two campers of the same sex, unless married. Though hundreds of thousands have stayed at Butlin's not one camp has been the venue of a divorce case. Rowdies and drunks are restrained by the social force of a family and almost school atmosphere, by tolerantly firm commissionaires and "Red Coats" (Entertainment Staff), by night chalet patrols and the closing of the bars at ten.

It is this subtle adjustment of organisation and skilful handling of detail that is the key to Butlin's success. Nothing is forgotten. Mothers hand the care of their children over to competent nurses in the playgrounds and enjoy an anxiety free holiday. Middle-aged women relax in the luxury of the camp beauty parlours and pay half-a-guinea for facial treatments which would cost two guineas in the West End. Drinkers have four bars to choose from. Meals (well cooked and with unlimited vegetables) are served punctually and speedily. Tea, coffee and snacks are on sale all day. The lonely are looked after by camp hosts and hostesses and gently merged in the throng. The elderly (15 to 20 per cent. at each camp are over fifty) are housed in quarters where they will not be disturbed by the younger and more boisterous. There are an enormous swimming pool, numerous tennis courts, putting greens, two theatres, two dance halls and two full-time dance bands, to say nothing of entertainers, variety artists and instructors in every form of sport. To complete the community spirit, each dining hall, seating twelve hundred, is called a House. Its members win points in the various contests which count towards the winning of a cup presented at the end of each week, so increasing the merriment and contributing to Mr. Butlin's smooth-running control.

For all but one or two, who will presumably go elsewhere next year, their week is a glorious uprush of release from reality and an entry into a dream world of limitless, non-stop opportunity for enjoyment. From the man dancing through a hot ballroom in a tightly-buttoned mackintosh with an elderly woman wearing an overcoat to the lady delivering an excruciating monologue about a horse race at the campers' own concert, everyone I saw at Pwllheli was happy. Since the first camp was opened at Skegness to hold a thousand campers, there has never been enough room for all the Butlin devotees. This summer 400,000 to half a million will go to Butlin's, but during the peak period of July and August the demand is at the rate of 200,000 a week against the 23,000 which the five camps can take at a time. So intense is the enthusiasm that last winter social clubs, manned by Butlin employees, were started in six centres to recapture and maintain the Butlin spirit until the coming of the next holiday season. This winter there will be 150 such clubs.

Final proof for me that enjoyment is genuine and not artificially worked up was provided when Butlin himself arrived at the camp. As soon as he came into a dance hall or a tea room, knowing campers spotted him and he was mobbed like a film star at a first night. The affection showered on him was not reminiscent of the approach to the average seaside landlady.

Butlin is a forty-eight-year-old Canadian who came to England in the 1930's and stayed for a week in a boarding house in Barry Island. Every day it rained and every day Butlin, with the other holiday makers in the town, became more miserable as he wandered about looking for something to do. If only, he thought, there could be a self-contained holiday village where it would not matter if it did rain. Six years later he had raised enough to build one. From the start he worked on two main principles: the best and most expensive entertainment could only be laid on cheaply if there were a big turnover, and if the campers were to be made happy the staff must be large and as happy as the campers. The economics of his empire are simple. Out of each camper he makes a gross profit of a pound a week. The charges range from £5 15*s.* 6*d.* (half-price for children under ten) in the slack weeks to 7 guineas from June to September. Thirty shillings a head goes on food bought in bulk through the local Agricultural Executive Committees, and also partly supplied by his own farms. Two pounds is allotted to entertainments (all free to campers) and the rest is spent on the staff, maintenance of the camp, decorations and improvements which are always in progress, and other overheads.

The lowest paid employees, the waitresses, get £3 10*s.* a week, all found, together with £3 a week in tips and the same run of the camp facilities as the campers. In addition, a bonus of ten shillings a week, announced in August, is paid to all who stay until the season finishes at the end of October. The average for the entertainment staff is £4 10*s.* to £5 a week, and other salaries rise sharply according to the amount of responsibility. In all there is one employee to every four campers, and the work is light. Each waitress looks after eight tables of four with the aid of trolleys and hot plates. The chalet maids who make the Slumberland beds and clean the neat, fresh-looking chalets are on the scale of one to sixteen chalets. Butlin is a New World democrat. He believes that the staff are as human as the campers, and his policy pays in courtesy, cheerfulness and friendliness.

To stay at a Butlin camp need cost no more than the all-in charge (a pound in advance and the balance on arrival); but the normal expenditure on extras—drinks, midday snacks, coach trips and the camp shops—is £2 10*s.* to £3. That, with rail fares, makes a total of some £30 for a couple with two children. Consequently the majority, except for individuals, are in the £300 to £700 income groups: the better paid workers and the lower middle classes. Last year, gratuity year, thousands came who will never be able to afford it again unless they stay single or scrape and save. Yet this year between twelve and fifteen million workers are covered by Holidays with Pay agreements. Either they will get no holiday or spend a gloomy underfed week in seaside boarding houses without enough money to amuse themselves in the evenings, or when the weather is bad.

The solution, as Butlin explained to me, is not difficult. For £4 a head the Government, which should be taking a keen interest in providing something for the people to do with their Holidays with Pay, could give a perfectly adequate holiday and still make nearly ten shillings profit. It would not be so lavish as at Butlin's; the dance bands and variety artists would be less highly paid, and the campers would have to do more for themselves. Instead of a staff of one in four there could only be one in ten. A cafeteria system would reduce the number of waitresses, and chalet maids would be eliminated by each camper making his own bed. The paid entertainment staff would have to be cut from one in thirty to one in three hundred and its place taken by camp entertainment committees.

The sites are ready made in the wartime Army hutments and aerodromes. In Butlin's view they could be converted to holiday camps in six months at the cost of approximately £30 for each person a camp is intended to accommodate, and in three years the capital outlay would be recovered. If the Government feels the task is beyond it without expert assistance, Butlin is willing to help. His willingness springs from two reasons: a completely sincere wish to make his type of holiday available to everyone as a social service, and a desire that the good name of his camps should not be ruined by shoddy imitations. He cannot do it by himself because he has neither the materials nor the resources, and he has set the limit to the number of camps he can run singlehanded, at ten. It is too late for this year, but if plans were made during the coming months much could be done to meet next Summer's demands. For a Government with imagination, and a determination to identify itself with what the people want, it is an opportunity that ought not to be missed.

WOODROW WYATT

The Arts and Entertainment

AN OLD CRITIC GOES TO SCHOOL

For some years, may be six, it has been the custom at Harrow School to act thrice, towards the end of the summer term a play by Shakespeare, and no sooner is one production over than preparation for the next begins. For that a year is not too long. Meanwhile, besides the cast, which naturally sometimes changes, a number of other boys, "supers," stage-hands, instrument-musicians, properties-directors, are engaged in working together towards another proud public success. Nor is it difficult to imagine the talk about the play and players that must go on outside the theatre. Than this there could be no better way of getting the young to care about Shakespeare; the right entrance to the garden of Literature and Art is through the gate of excitement and pleasure. Once at home in it, the botanist and herbalist may be of some use, but if editors and professors introduce them, that garden may well seem to the young a cemetery where the labels are obviously more important than the flowers. But it is not to the educational value of these performances I want to draw attention, rather to what as a dramatic critic I have got from them myself: I have seen two.

I am not going to say that I have been as much moved as by justly celebrated actors and actresses. Of course not, although some of the boys acted and spoke really well. I don't claim that Master Roberts whom I saw last Saturday in Henry IV, Part I (I use the prefix "Master" to keep, like the performance itself, well in the Elizabethan tradition), was as good a Falstaff as, say, George Robey. Of course he had not many tricks at his command nor could he know as well as an expert old comedian when to abstain from emphasis—and with greater effect. Yet he certainly delivered the speeches when Falstaff impersonates the King, and discourses on "honour" with quite admirable variety and gusto. But I don't think I ever saw a Prince Hal who conveyed as well as Master Peel Yates the impression which Shakespeare clearly intended that rowdy royal young rip, destined one day to become a hero-King, to make upon his audience. Recall what a prig "Hal" always seems upon the professional stage, no matter what graces of elocution and agility the actor may bring to the part, and how Falstaff by being allowed to steal all our sympathy invariably intensifies that false impression, thus distorting the focus of the play itself. Well, at Harrow that did not happen.

The young prince remained its hero, the pivot of the story his reformation; while Falstaff, who thanks to his voicing the Old Adam in us all has acquired in our memory a quasi-philosophical prestige, was presented as what Shakespeare intended him to be—a reincarnation of that ancient comedy-figure the *miles valorosus*, a grossly absurd and cowardly braggart, jovial but untrustworthy, immensely witty but quite despicable. Thus for the first time in my experience I saw a Prince Hal really unselfconsciously youthful, mercilessly mischievous, sulky when scolded, arrogant and good-humoured, dissipated and gloriously ambitious. Not even Hal's soliloquy at the end of Scene 2, Act I, in which he displays at once his aspirations and discloses the motive of the play, seemed either "a loser" or destructive of dramatic illusion. (It had always been a stumbling-block to me.) So after all the Bard had known his business! Only to grasp that one has to see him performed, well or ill, in the manner in which he expected to be performed. There lies the instructive fascination of these amateur and youthful performances. In the great round school-hall at Harrow circumstances allow Shakespeare's plays to be presented much as they were at The Globe Playhouse itself. Almost a third of this hall is a wide, curving platform-stage, with a curtained inner stage, surrounded on three sides by spectators, to whom the actors in Elizabethan costume turn now in this direction now in that, gesticulating, declaiming and grimacing, in infectious physical and psychological contact with them. How such performances would have pleased those pioneers of Elizabethan dramatic methods, William Powell and Granville Barker!

Nevertheless, without the skilful direction of a Harrow master, Mr. Ronald Watkin, an admirable reader of verse himself and a thorough student of the Elizabethan stage, as his *Moonlight at the Globe* (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) proves—no striking advantage could have been taken of conditions which the representational modern theatre cannot rival, even with the help of a small apron-stage. Here is a stage fitted to the kind of dramatic illusion at which Shakespeare aimed; a stage which both by its formalism and its naturalism in details—a tree, a bench, a table—is the kind most favourable to *the creation of atmosphere through words*—in short to Shakespeare's dramatic technique. Of course, this combination was dictated by contemporary limitations. Nevertheless, neither extreme formalism (modern symbolic backgrounds), nor extreme realism (the modern picture-stage) can be as favourable. This is the lesson which a visitor to these Harrow School performances takes away, in addition to pleasure and surprise at finding that the boys speak and mimic so well.

Of course it is also interesting to see what Shakespeare took for granted: boys impersonating women. The effect of that convention was by diminishing personal interest to direct the attention of the spectator towards the character impersonated rather than upon the impersonator. This also was in harmony with that technique which required the actor never to allow the spectator to forget completely that he was "acting," but on the contrary, to draw additional pleasure from his skill. And it may be of some significance that the decline of poetic drama to which that technique was so admirably suited, begins when women begin to take women's parts.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

RADIO NOTES

I confess to finding the spontaneous humour of *Twenty Questions* much more amusing than the laborious jokes of most Variety programmes. The popularity of this feature testifies to that love of childish games which never dies in any of us—except perhaps the hardened melancholic. It is a taste we may be ashamed to pursue on our own account, save at Christmas and in the children's holidays. But the temptation to indulge it vicariously, every week, is evidently too strong to be resisted. Particularly as, on the air, we eat our cake and have it: it is never our turn to guess; we are always "home"; and the slow-witted booby is always the other chap. This is more fun than the proliferating quiz—now present in a dozen disguises—which threatens to become the Bind-weed, the Colt's Foot or Dog's Mercury, of the Home and Light. There, we may or may not be in the know: the result is seldom funny, though it can be informative, in an exasperating way. Since this kind of programme has obviously come to stay, in some form or other, why not institute a series of radio charades? They would provide a busman's holiday for the Drama Repertory; and the occasional star, present by special invitation, would enjoy displaying virtuosity in drawing red herrings and making a word like *metropolitan* sound unsuspicious.

The technique of the "literary feature" needs reconsideration. Dramatise, by all means. But the texture of such programmes must be kept fluid and homogeneous; and to achieve this the scenes chosen should not be too obviously dramatic. The dead-pan voice of the detached narrator; the clop! clop! of the recorded carriage; the footman announcing (with full echo) a series of celebrities; the "fade on studio chatter": these things are definitively out of date. In spite of their immitigable presence, however, the Ouida biography contrived to be interesting—chiefly because Mr. Robert Gittings is a great dab at distinguishing important facts and compressing them into a brief, instructive whole. He knows how to entertain, too; no regular purveyor of radio is more apt with the amusingly characteristic speech or turn of phrase. But it is fatal to cast a programme like this from voices that all habitual listeners can identify immediately. Mr. Cyril Gardiner, Miss Molly Rankin, Mr. Frith Banbury, can no longer deceive us—nor are they any the less useful and competent, on occasions other than this, for not being able to do so. But in a broadcast of this order, deceived we must be, if the scenes are to come alive. No wonder so much of this programme sounded like a malicious caricature of radio acting! If Mr. Gittings had kept a tighter rein on his cast, the impression might have been a little more convincing—especially as Miss Susan Richmond succeeded in keeping her head amid the welter of "token" Italians, haughty ladies, and lisping military beaux. Largely owing to her performance something significant did emerge, and that was the courage and humanity of Ouida herself. Mr. Gittings, who is a discerning literary scholar, agrees with Mr. Norman Douglas in his angry defence of Ouida in *Alone*. We may not be able to re-read her novels, except in the spirit of *Twenty Questions*; but we should refrain from thinking of her in the terms of that "celebrated novelist of the artificial school" (can it have been Henry James?) who wrote of her as "a little terrible and finally pathetically grotesque."

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

AND ALL BUT HE DEPARTED

As I walked to Strandhill
one walking with me
scaring the hill sheep
with the old Republican songs

cliff after cliff in order
giving back our bellowing
Truskmore, Benwhiskin, King's Mountain
Lugatober, Knocknarea—

the peoples of the earth
turned in their endless sleep
and we pondered why the taste
was gone from the old songs

as the taste goes from wine
since the butchers' dogs have made
freedom a filthy joke
fighting an idiot's trade

and only the hills' watch
to remind us of free men
and their resonant mountain names
like the names of Rebel dead

As I walked to Strandhill
one walking with me
scaring the docile sheep
with songs that scared governors

Irish and Englishman
singing of Vinegar Hill
our shadows on the mist
were big as a hillside

and I thought of the names we sang
grown large as the hills themselves,
against their will perhaps
made great by history

by a trick of the light, by time
caught like ourselves by the turn
of the people in their sleep
Pearse or the mild Sacco—

Who might have remained and been
cobblers or schoolmasters
flat as the old songs now
or a pool or an echoless plain

whom history carved into hills
in an age of ice and assent
I heard the sea saying
the way that we should take

Where not for ourselves alone
prisoner and conscript wait
until the turn of the time
brings England's Easter Week.

ALEX COMFORT

RELIGIOUS PAINTING IN ENGLAND

A FASCINATING exhibition of Pre-Raphaelite pictures, the most comprehensive and the most instructive ever held since they fell out of favour in the first years of this century, has been organised by the Art Gallery in Birmingham, and will remain open till July 27th. The organisers of the exhibition have sensibly restricted it to the years 1848–1862, so that, although a few stragglers manage to squeeze in by a back door—the touching idyls of Arthur Hughes, for instance, and the trembling fantasies of James Smetham—the impression left on the visitor is of crude vigour rather than charm, of the flowering of a stern dogma in the minds of three adolescents, assisted by a fourth, rather than the pale susceptibilities of spinsters. The exhibition serves as a reminder that like all truly revolutionary movements in art, the emphasis in the programme of the Brotherhood was initially on the study of nature, whatever efforts Rossetti may have made on the sly to coax it in the direction of Gothic missals. A decade ago an intellectual movement was formed, with a programme no less formidable, also basing its principles on the study of nature, also appearing at a moment of social upheaval and sharing some of the austerity and moral fervour of the Pre-Raphaelites; but whereas the Euston Road Group had to wrestle with their too intimate familiarity with Degas and Cézanne in order to understand nature anew, the strength of the Brotherhood lay precisely in their hazy notions of the Primitives, at that moment just coming into fashion. It is true that the tension of Hunt and Millais slackened when they allowed their minds to dwell too lovingly on the Middle Ages, when the curtain of sanctimoniousness or historical melancholy fell so heavily before their eyes as to blot out nature; it is true that they could slide at times into the very Raphaelite conventions from which they sought to liberate themselves—though for this they can scarcely be blamed, considering the prodigious concentration needed to fill the vast rectangle of canvas with a miniature. But when they sat down before the model to paint what they saw in the light of their idea, as Madox Brown in his landscapes and portraits, as Hunt and Millais whenever their friends could be persuaded to play convincingly the roles of Christ and the Apostles, of Lorenzo and Isabella, they succeeded in raising themselves up to the level of the finest painting in England during the last hundred years.

With a magnifying glass held up to nature, they scrutinised her processes, humbly, on hands and knees. The path of ivy up the bark of a tree they followed reverently leaf by leaf. Even in Madox Brown's panoramic landscapes, there is no hint of the immensity of the space, only a catalogue of minute hedges enclosing fields. For architecture, a few split poles, a thatched, leaking roof, shavings scattered over the floor, served their purpose; for figures, the disarming gawkiness of children in rags; for colour, the garishness of purples and pinks. In this way they rescued painting from varnished pomposity and brought it down to earth. But there was so much nonsense mixed up with the central idea that it withered away. They never learnt to translate their allusions to the desirability of a virtuous, rustic existence into visual language, their symbols remained literary, and their workmen became breakers of precious stones. In the last resort they turned their backs on science and realism, thereby surrendering all the ground they had won. Under the baneful influence of Rossetti, painting became a refuge from the harshness of industrialism, subsiding into the state where all reactionaries would like to keep it, tame, cosy and decorative. And so the torch of vitality went out in England, but it still burnt fiercely in France, where Gustave Courbet continued to hold it up in his rude fists.

Anyone who imagines that religious painting died in England with Holman Hunt is advised to take a train to Northampton, or at least to visit the Lefevre Gallery where some of the preliminary studies for Graham Sutherland's "Crucifixion," painted for the Church of St. Matthew in that town, are on view. The religious intensity of these works, the almost physical sensation of suffering conveyed by the rigidity and distortion of the forms, the cruel isolation of the figure against its purple sky, are astonishing and quite without parallel in this island at the moment. Just as Millais turned to the childhood of Christ in the house of his parents to voice the idea of Victorian humility, so in the agony of Christ's martyrdom on the Cross, Sutherland voices the present crisis in civilisation.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

THE MOVIES

"Ride To-night," at the Academy
"Frieda," at the Odeon
"The Egg and I," at the New Gallery

The new Swedish film at the Academy (the second to reach London since the war) is a skilfully designed piece about oppression in the seventeenth century. One views it as one did the recent batch of Czech films, with pleasure, curiosity, and detachment. Like them, it provides a handsome sample, and takes us back to the war. The uneasy neutrality of those years finds expression in a spirited but conventional drama of peasants joining in rebellion against the landowners to whom Queen Christina has given the rights of forced labour. We never see the Queen or her court, they (it was probably felt) being the preserve of Hollywood. The peasants threaten and submit; the bailiff, the local squire, and the higher church dignitary are masters of this new slavery; one of the peasants actively resists, and his life and death, vividly depicted in a landscape of pine forest and bog, provide the inspiration for revolt. There are period touches of witchcraft and torture, but the local squire (again, not actually seen) is a German, and shown in Sweden during the war this film must obviously have appealed strongly to feelings of resistance, should the need come. That background of response is needed if we are to be excited by what may seem to-day an over-deliberate historical piece. By any standards, however, *Ride To-night* can claim our respect. It is beautifully photographed, and has a striking hero in Oscar Ljung.

After many weeks of poster-advertising, which left on me the impression that "Frieda" was a new kind of sportswear, the lady herself turns up from Germany in a serious film debating the hardships of marrying into an English country town. Will they accept her? (This is during the last year of the war.) Is there such a thing as a good German? Weren't they all and forever guilty of the war, etc.? This is worked out to a highly melodramatic climax in which the girl's brother is killed, while she tries to commit suicide; but the beginning is almost as exaggerated as the end. A German nurse who had helped an R.A.F. officer to escape from a prison camp wouldn't in fact have been treated openly as a leper: there were thousands of anti-Nazi Germans here during the war, even in country towns, and as the guests of county families. And some of them, no doubt, preferred marriage to suicide. The strain of hysteria is a pity because otherwise *Frieda* is an intelligent and pleasantly made piece, with an attractive performance by Mai Zetterling as the lady for a walking tour.

After these two more or less responsible pieces I had hoped to find the irresponsibility of *The Egg and I* diverting. A newly married couple retire to the wilds to start chicken-farming. Everything goes wrong; the roof leaks, tables subside, there's a succession of calamities in which at last the farm is burnt to the ground. But long before that everything has gone wrong with the film, too. The excruciating unfunniness of discomforts one has laughed at on the screen too often is underlined here by heavily clowning theme tunes: Hollywood's touch in light comedy is to-day rhinocerotic. Every joke can be heard thundering nearer from a mile off. The only funny moments were in a cold-comfort-farm household, and at the local dance when Miss Claudette Colbert was hugged, walked, jellied into a state of breakdown.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Correspondence

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

SIR,—It is very disturbing and hard for Americans to understand the ever-mounting criticism and dislike for America in England. Why? What has the U.S. done to bring this about? We workers who go about our daily tasks, eating our noon-day lunch from a tin pail or paper bag, know that partially due to our country sharing our food, natural resources and lastly our money with the world, including Great Britain, our purchasing power, our pleasures and general activities are greatly curtailed by the expense of feeding the less fortunate away from our shores; but few cynical remarks are heard. $350,000,000 has again been allotted by Congress to be used for such purposes, far more than all other countries combined. Not one contrary word have I heard concerning this great Christian act.

But, Mr. Editor, some nation must be blamed—as we say, must be the "goat"—for world conditions, and it seems that in the eyes of the Englishman, America is it. May I remind you that world wars No. 1 and 2 did not start in America. For these wars, we are told, America furnished the money and the British Empire furnished the men and the casualties. A glance at the acres and acres of silent crosses, the seven seas where our countrymen rest until the resurrection, our staggering debt, our depleted natural resources all bear evidence we had some losses ourselves.

The American people are not forcing the money from its depleted Treasury on to others. There are many uses for it here. We have given away so much and are continuing to do so, that it seems some other countries think it should never cease. If this outward flow is tightened up even slightly we are immediately branded as "Shylocks," "money grabbers," "land grabbers," etc. It is true that down in Washington are some officials who would give away all the millions they could count, if we had it, just for the sake of wearing a pair of pants with stripes.

To be frank is not ill-mannered, but to applaud a speaker when criticising America, while omitting the essential facts, is not in keeping with the Englishman's reputation for fair play and good manners. We are reminded that Great Britain stood against the Continental enemies alone. We admire her for having the grit and ability to do so. Had she not, your country would have been in slavery and America in jeopardy. Aside from these facts, why not pause and think? The British Empire was on the verge of being cut in two; in fact the Japs were at the gates of Singapore at the time of our humiliating defeat at Pearl Harbour. The U.S. recovered from this treachery and almost single-handed defeated the Pacific enemies and at the same time maintained a large army in Europe. America could not have defeated European enemies alone. Most certainly not. Great Britain, France, Russia and the U.S. did. The immediate destruction of the Commonwealth was frustrated. Likewise it was restored in the Pacific. Danger to the U.S. was eased.

You will hear but little criticism of England among the everyday workers of the U.S.A. and it pains us to hear of our country being belittled over trifles and minor shortcomings by public speakers, and applauded by listeners without giving thought to the great things we did. This is from a worker, not from a writer, statesman, politician, etc. Just an ordinary worker, those who make America.

7636 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. — J. W. REEVES

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

Sir,—All concerned with sex ethics will be grateful for Kingsley Martin's article on Artificial Insemination. Many of the wilder fears expressed by the speakers at the Conference of the Public Morality Conference are to do not with A.I.D. as defined by its protagonists but rather with certain possible extensions of the principle in some expression of the too highly collectivised State. Mere prohibition of A.I.D. alone will not be able to deliver us for long from the possibility of "test-tube babies" or the "stud-breeding" of human beings. To safeguard us from that, nothing less than a rich and positive doctrine of sex marriage and family life will suffice.

Again, the issue as to whether A.I.D. involves adultery remains somewhat obscure. If it is adultery, it is obviously different in quality from the adultery envisaged in the New Testament, for, on the face of it, it does not seem to involve the breaking of faith with the partner on the deeper emotional and spiritual levels of the married relationship. And no personal relationship is entered into with the donor. A.I.D represents something even more impersonal than the primitive custom of the Levirate, where the brother of a deceased childless man had the duty irrespective of inclination to take the widow and by her raise children who were to bear the name of the deceased husband. In A.I.D. the name of the donor is not even known and he is never seen.

Accordingly, all will admit the importance of the suggestion that A.I.D. on its exponent's definition would never become widespread because (1) no one would use it if they had the natural means available, and (2) couples seeking it would normally be only those with an unusual degree of social and ethical responsibility.

Nevertheless, granted all this, the moral conscience of many will not feel that the issue is quite clear or that judgment on the subject is an easy one. Dr. Joan Malleson is quoted as asking "whether any objection can really be found to such an increase in human happiness and social welfare," while at the end of the article you write "on the only two tests that matter in such affairs—the increase of love and happiness—A.I.D. passes with flying colours." This however is the crux of the matter. Can A.I.D. produce this increase of love and happiness? Is it all as simple as this?

It is noticeable that, save when touching on one or two legal points in the third paragraph, Mr. Martin does not discuss the fate of the children reproduced within the pattern of A.I.D. On the other hand he emphasises the suffering involved when there is frustration of the maternal instinct of a woman with a husband who is sterile. Unless, therefore, serious consideration is given to the possible negative psychological effects upon the child of conception by A.I.D., and unless his welfare is given priority in this situation, the whole practice is open to the objection that the child is being treated as a means (i.e. to the satisfaction of maternal instincts) rather than as an end in himself. In the Public Morality Council's Conference, Dr. William Brown raised the problem of the father-image in the mind of the child. There are several issues involved. First, the child speculates as to who his father is and sooner or later the truth must come out. It is a bad enough shock in adopted children of today even when the real father is known. It would be worse when he is unknown. Again it is not outside the bounds of probability according to many psychologists, that the child, inherits certain character tendencies of his actual father within the family level of the unconscious. The presence of father assists these tendencies to become more conscious. If the real father is absent and unknown and the child grows up in the company of a father-surrogate, there is likely to be confusion in his mind and even a feeling of being lost. This is sometimes the case with orphans and adopted children. In many cases only long and deep analysis can unravel the tangle in their minds.

Again, as Dr. Dunning pointed out, it may well be that the child, conceived artificially and not within the total psycho-physical setting of the natural embrace of love, may be affected negatively on the psychological side. A child is a body-mind. Is there any moment from conception onwards when he is not this in some rudimentary form?

Finally human beings are never purely rational in

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their make-up. The husband will not, however well-intentioned, be able to feel genuine paternal feeling towards the child of his wife by an unknown man. Indeed his attitude could become actually hostile towards this intruder. This kind of thing is not good for the child's psychology.

Considerations such as these must be very carefully weighed by couples contemplating A.I.D. If the woman has enough insight and sense of responsibility to be among the few that one thinks will want A.I.D., might she not also have enough insight very often to be capable of the sublimation or transmutation of her maternal drives? If it ever comes to a clear issue of the ease of the mind of the wife as against the possible psychological warping of an unborn child, can any responsible person doubt where duty lies?

Dr. J. V. O'Sullivan in the Conference begged that more research still should be given to the investigation of the problems of male sterility. Success here would obviate any necessity for A.I.D.

KENNETH LAMBERT

18 Furness Road, Eastbourne.

APPROVED SCHOOLS

SIR,—Dr. Corlett's article on Approved Schools is timely and useful. He says "It might be, that if sufficient payment is offered the right foster parents could be found." Action in this is long overdue. The Home Office lays it down that no more than 20s. per week may be paid for a child up to sixteen (if still at school) to cover all expenses. In actual practice the younger ones have much less than that allotted by most authorities; there is no family allowance paid and shoes alone are a big item. The same children would cost anything up to £3 per week in an institution which provides for their schooling.

There are doubtless some children whose mental condition and/or habits make them quite unsuitable for reception into a decent home, but there are many others, especially those "in need of care and protection" who would be much better placed there.

I think the publication of the Home Office pamphlet "Young Citizens" was an error of judgment. The beautiful photographs were not representative. Some people were alienated by the evidence of lavish expenditure to provide conditions much more luxurious than they were struggling to give their own children. Others were lulled into believing that all was well in approved schools, so why worry?

I have not seen the classifying school at Aycliffe, but I spent several hours in a much smaller one for girls in Lancashire and was greatly impressed by the fine work going on. One of the staff was a trained psychologist and all were capable and understanding women. But how those girls longed to see and smell a fried fish shop! Their beautiful Home with its lovely woodwork and spacious lawns was too remote from their real life, and after several months in a Remand Home they felt this was only another stage in their long period of confinement. An Approved School was to follow.

I am glad Dr. Corlett feels that a great deal more might be done in Remand Homes which would substantially reduce the number committed to Approved Schools.

Magistrates know that the majority of these schools are admirable—but they also have an uncomfortable feeling about a few whose scholars constantly reappear at Court, having absconded. Surely the Home Office knows this? It is a danger signal.

11 Valescourt Road, SOPHIE BLACKBURN
Liverpool, 12.

DEATH SENTENCES IN IRAQ

SIR,—According to the Bagdad correspondent of *The Times*, death sentences have been pronounced on three leaders of the illegal Communist Party, the only crimes *alleged* against the condemned men being "that they were members of a clandestine party and had published pamphlets attacking the policy of the Government." Mr. Mayhew, questioned on this in the House of Commons last Monday, said: "His Majesty's Government have no grounds for intervention."

This answer is likely to be interpreted throughout the Middle East as meaning that the British Government approves of Communists being sentenced to death simply for being Communists. (So far as is known the condemned men have not been accused of any crimes of violence or even of conspiring to commit violence.) And yet, it was only about a fortnight ago, was it not, that Mr. Bevin inveighed against "political persecution" in foreign countries?

It is well known that the British Government is concerned to combat the spread of Communism in the Middle East. But would not the right Socialist way be to combat it by inspiring social reforms, rather than by condoning vicious and useless death sentences?

Ex-M.E.F.

BOOKS

SIR,—In the article you published in your issue of June 28th on "The Book Trade" you rightly draw attention to the Philistine attitude of the authorities towards the production of books in this country, and in particular to the disastrous consequences we may expect from the continued inability of British publishers to compete with their American rivals in the export market. Recently I had an opportunity to study this latter aspect of the problem in the towns of Switzerland, and could derive little encouragement from the lavish display of American series such as the excellent *Modern Library* while our own books seemed so few and far between. At the same time, there is another side to the whole question which I think should be presented, lest the public acquire a wholly false notion of the real state of the book trade at this moment. Though I have been in publishing for more than a decade, the Ministry of Supply, for pedantic technical reasons, refuses to grant my new firm any quota of paper at all, and being therefore forced to find my paper where I can, I am able to view the battle for paper with a little more detachment than the unfortunate new publisher who is held rigidly to his six tons a year and no more.

The plain fact of the matter is that the halcyon days are over, and the five-year boom in books, which already looked a little shaky last Christmas, was dealt a major blow by the events of the winter, and does not show any signs of recovering this summer. Most booksellers complain that their stocks are dangerously high, and some even go so far as to say that they have never been offered so many new books as during the last few months. They are cutting down orders right and left, in some cases in a spirit that almost borders on panic, and playing safe for the best-sellers and established reputations. What are the reasons for this paradoxical situation? Some attribute it to a general lack of economic confidence since the fuel crisis, some to a gradual increase of other long-awaited goods in the shops, others to more motoring and more holidays abroad, others again to the number of books that are already being printed abroad for the British market. Whatever the true reason or mixture of reasons, the ideal sellers' market no longer exists in the book trade, and a publisher may very well find himself with quite a high proportion of his edition on his hands after the first month—a state of affairs that would have seemed fantastic two years ago—especially if he has taken the risk of publishing a new novel by an unknown author, let alone a book of poetry.

Let me be quite explicit: certain types of books still sell extremely well (though not so well as they did in 1943–5), a large number of standard works are out of print and urgently needed, and in particular, there is a great void of technical and educational books still to be filled. I have always defended the attitude of the authorities that the kind of book a publisher produces is not their business as inevitable if the evils of censorship are to be avoided; and I have always thought that six tons a year was an indefensibly small paper ration to the *bona fide* new publisher, whether he sells all his books or not; but I am certain that *a substantial all-round and undis-*

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ISHMAEL

A MISQUOTATION

SIR,—Mr. Sidney Dark misquoted a sentence from the Archbishop of York's *The Claims of the Church of England*, in his review of June 21st. Your reviewer attributes to the Archbishop the " startling suggestion that if the Church chose its own bishops, neither God nor William Temple would ever have been given episcopal preferment." Startling indeed ! " God " —Dr. Garbett wrote " Charles Gore "—" can be trusted to look after himself." But it is less than just to the Archbishop to attribute to him a statement about William Temple which it was impossible for any intelligent person to make. What the Archbishop wrote was " Frederick Temple," who was William's father ; and there is nothing " startling " in such a suggestion. The author of " The Education of the World " in *Essays and Reviews* (1860) would certainly not have been elected by any " clerical assembly " —to use the exact words—to the See of Exeter nine years later. The Archbishop of York is too well informed about the Church to-day not to know that William Temple would have been nominated to a bishopric by *any* body of electors, clerical and/or lay, in Church or State.

F. A. IREMONGER

The Close,
Lichfield.

PEACE AND THE PUBLIC

SIR,—Dr. Joad's review of the Mass Observation study *Peace and the Public* prompts the following reflections.

Those of us who were not pacifists during the two wars could, I suppose, be grouped into three classes : (*a*) people who thought the pacifist was carried by the warrior, as liars are by the truthful and thieves by honest men, (*b*) people who, from despair or stupidity, forebore to think at all, and (*c*) people who saw that pacifism was right as a moral imperative, but shrank from its consequences to themselves and to those dependent on them.

Even if this is true all three classes must have decided (in their several ways) that war was not the greatest evil. Each envisaged a greater—Nazi world-hegemony, destruction of family life, social ostracism, or fearful things outside anyone's experience or imagination. They knew about war, they supposed they could take it.

Does this mean that the last war wasn't bad enough ? " What most people do expect," says Dr. Joad (paraphrasing the book he is reviewing), " is not world government, but atomic war, and that within the next twenty-five years. Hence the expectation of world government is postponed until after the third world war." So they are prepared even to have their atomic war rather than try the other evil—acquiescence, civil disobedience, passive resistance under alien domination ? Standing among the ruins we have barely started to clear up, we still proclaim not only that it was better than pacifism but that we would rather have an atomic war than try pacifism. (Of course, Christ would be pacifist, but He would be provided for in the National Service Act.) Even the next war won't change our minds before it vaporises our bodies ? It is not merely that we would rather be vaporised than accept a change of régime : we should prefer that millions of others should be obliterated, too—and we will lend a hand while we can. What a monstrous evil pacifism must be !

This may be the wrong line of thought, or perhaps I haven't pursued it far enough. But if it is right to see the problem as a choice between evils, that involves an acknowledgment that there is at least a choice. If there is, how can we pretend to be helpless ?

C. H. ROLPH.

PALESTINE PHILHARMONIC

SIR,—The note in Critic's " London Diary " last week about Bronislaw Hubermann leads us to draw your readers' attention to the establishment in this country within recent weeks of a society of Friends of the Palestine Philharmonic Orchestra, under the presidency of the Marchioness of Reading. Its aim is to help the orchestra financially, and we feel that its appeal should not be restricted to the Jewish community only, since very many people will wish to pay tribute to Hubermann by assisting the orchestra which he established. The imposition of a curfew in Palestine almost invariably means the cancellation of a concert and the loss of considerable sums which would otherwise have helped the orchestra to become self-supporting.

We are inviting friends to join us by becoming annual subscribers, and we are also soliciting gifts from musical societies and other interested groups who can become corporate subscribers. Cheques should be sent to Mrs. Eva Baum at the address below. The Palestine Philharmonic Orchestra includes musicians from every part of the world, and has earned the high commendation of Toscanini, Weingartner, Molinari and our own Malcolm Sargent.

MYRA HESS ALASTAIR ROYALTON-KISCH
WALTER GOEHR ALEC SHERMAN
68 Dewsbury Road, N.W.10.

HUBERMANN

SIR,—Can Critic tell us more about Hubermann's radium knee-pads ? If these pads contained enough radium for the heat from it to " combat the cold of the train and of unheated hotels," it is very surprising that the wearer did not die from the effects of the radiation emitted by it. Or can it be that Hubermann had anticipated by many years the work of the Manhattan Project and that his knee-pads were in fact nuclear piles (" small but powerful " of course) ? But even here, protection against radiation would be a problem. We await enlightenment !

The University, R. W. WILLIAMS
Liverpool, 3.

LITERARY PARALLEL

SIR,—In his generous review of my book Mr. Pendle writes : " I feel that in his interpretation of Spain and Spanish America he is indebted to that unorthodox, intuitive Hispanist, Waldo Frank, whose name, however, he does not mention." And further on he stresses one or two other parallels.

I met Waldo Frank once, so long ago that I do not remember when, nor whether it was in Madrid or in New York. I never read his works. I have been interpreting my country on exactly the same lines for the last twenty-five years.

I write not to state a somewhat futile claim to originality but to make it clear that if I did not mention Waldo Frank it simply was because it never occurred to me that I should.

S. DE MADARIAGA

P.R.

SIR,—Critic recently commented on one of the problems arising from the reduction in the number of Parliamentary seats in London—the problem of which particular M.P.s are to disappear. The problem itself would disappear if we had proportional representation by the single transferable vote. Consider a simple case like Wandsworth. Under P.R., this Borough would vote as one constituency, returning at present five Members. If, as the Boundary Commission proposes, its representation were reduced to four, no boundary changes would be necessary and all the existing Members—even all the existing prospective candidates—could fight the next election if they wished. The selection of the particular four men or women to represent Wandsworth in the new conditions would be in the hands of the voters alone, and need not depend either on bargains between the candidates or on orders from party headquarters.

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HEINEMANN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Only twenty-three years separate us from *The Green Hat*: twenty-three years and a mass-funeral of the Green Hat conventions. Twenty-three years is about the step from *Roderick Hudson* to *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, and from *The Nigger of the Narcissus* to *Ulysses*; it is the usual interval, more or less, between one giant keel-mark and another on the shores of fiction. These are the surprises before which we stand in awe, like Crusoe before the footprint. But the novel is not only an apparition, not only the dawning maturity of James and Conrad and Joyce; it is also a devoted Man Friday; it can be trained, even too easily, to reflect the stolid preoccupations of the average man at a given moment in time. Hence the historical importance of *The Green Hat*. It has been called the first tough novel, although "tough" scarcely describes the gentle charm of its depravity. But Mr. Arlen managed to be the mouthpiece of a New Morality constructed for the 1920 version of the New Woman.

The Green Hat is the story of an emancipated widow who drives to her doom in a Hispano-Suiza. Although it is not suggested, the unhappy state of her affairs may have been due, one feels, to the wrong intellectual equipment:

> She thought Miss Romer Wilson was among the greatest writers of the time: *The Grand Tour* particularly. She was loyal to girlish admirations for Mr. Locke, Mr. Temple Thurston, Oscar Wilde. D. H. Lawrence was "nice." "Nice?" I said. "Well, wonderful," she said, with wide eyes, so that I was made to seem slow and stupid. M. Paul Morand was "common," a "stunt" writer.
>
> "I detest the word 'stunt,'" I said.
>
> "That is why," she said, "I used it about Monsieur Morand. He is an abbreviation, like nightie for nightshirt." I did not agree with her. She did not like abbreviations, even lunch for luncheon. "What," she asked, "is the hurry?" I could not tell her. She thought that perhaps English was not the language for abbreviations and diminutives. She deferred to my judgment about that, and I said what I said. One just didn't discuss Barrie: there he was. "You can't laugh me out of him," she smiled, "by calling him whimsical." She had once enjoyed a book by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, a garden catalogue called *Guy and Pauline*. There was Hergesheimer. She put up a gallant, insincere defence for the Imagistes but it turned out that she had never read any, and wasn't at all sure what they were. "They're short for poetry," I said coldly, "like nightie for nightingale."

Mr. Arlen himself, however, abandoning irony, lays emphatic blame upon her choice of friends. He cannot help admiring them, but he sees that they are out of place in the Hispano-Suiza, or, indeed, in any motor-car of foreign extraction:

> "My boy told me the other day that Kipling wrote true-blue miracles calculated to increase the blood-pressure in men who were too old to fight. I gave him a thrashing with the gloves for his infernal cheek, especially as he must have got it out of some book, for the boy hasn't what you could call a brain, which is just as well, for it will keep him from going over to Labour. But, after all, our cubs can't make more of a mess of everything than we and our fathers have done. That's the point to hang on to."

And yet it is not fair to poke too much fun at this Storm. She and her friends really existed. There really were people idiotic enough to find a place in Mr. Arlen's story; there were readers—thousands of them—who were much moved by the virtue of a woman who, having smashed up a friend's marriage irreparably, drove into a tree in order to spare her lover his divorce. For Mr. Arlen, if he did not write the first tough novel, wrote the first novel in which sexual cynicism and a kind of helpless goodness are shown as the perverse and reverse aspects of being alive at all. His characters are neither round nor flat, as Mr. Forster would have them. They are triangular. They are simply a composition of disordered hands. Mr. Arlen is no Henri Mürger; he is not settling Bohemia into Shepherd Market. His function in the history of the novel has been to unwrap, with a certain ethical precaution, the world of the spiv as we know it from its cocoon.

But *The Green Hat* has a further interest. It heralds the second stage of an evolution in the attitude of English sophisticated best-sellers since 1900 towards women. It refills the gap which had been left by the suppression of virtue as a claim to interest in itself. In studying best-sellers one must go straight to the heroine, and one asks what is the cardinal fact about her. For twenty years until Mr. Arlen came along the answer was likely to be: her birth. Even when her fascination depended on inheriting an unexpected fortune she usually discovered a claim to Huguenot descent as well, or at least covered her shame by marrying a duke. Popular fiction between 1900 and the Great War is peopled with young women waiting for Lord Fauntleroy to reach marriageable age. It has been Mr. Arlen's privilege, however, to change the answer. After *The Green Hat* wary novelists addressing a knowing public underlined the willingness of their heroine: she obliged. She obliged in hatred, or with a wink, or as if reluctantly, but oblige she did. The Edwardian scale of social values had slumped; the pleasures of Shepherd Market kept at any rate a constant value. And Mr. Arlen's catch phrase, *pour le sport*, provided both pretext and excuse. It is only quite recently that novels like *Brideshead Revisited* and *The Pursuit of Love*—each having a good deal in common with *The Green Hat*—have redefined the basic qualities of a heroine. For some time to come we shall be reading of women who are not only extraordinarily obliging but of exceptional birth into the bargain. And since good birth—at least in Mr. Waugh's usage—implies social respect we have an ingenious way of bringing a moral sense unobtrusively back into fiction.

Let us return to the early days of the sophisticated novel, to 1907. In that year Mrs. Henry de la Pasture published a successful book called *The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square*. The heroine is discovered in the morning-room beside a malachite pillar supporting a tree-fern. She is very shy and very poor, and her great-aunt is dying upstairs. Once she has inherited the house, the Romneys, the devoted ancient servants, she has nothing to do but drive about in the Park alone, a pathetic figure with the Red Book in the brougham beside her, and nobody on whom to leave cards. But by the end of the book she has married her penniless duke (she was, after all, a de Courset) and her eight thousand a year has rebuilt his castle, pensioned his servants "and brought peace and plenty to many humble homes." The *Lonely Lady* is not, evidently, addressed to housemaids. It is knowledgeable, sarcastic, and paints with conviction what an elegant public thought to be the desirable life. Like *The Green Hat* it is written from the inside. Mrs. de la Pasture might herself leave a card on the Duchess of Monaghan any day; if she cared to, she might herself have a malachite pillar supporting a tree-fern. Thus she resumes the earliest stage of the modern society novel: the stage in which the author, making an abstract of countless dinner-parties, selects good blood and chastity as the qualities most obviously desirable in a heroine.

Fifteen years later things have altered with a vengeance. The Duchess is dancing at the Embassy with what Mr. Arlen calls a *giggolo*; the morning-room in Grosvenor Square is littered with broken glass after a Treasure Hunt; the jazzomaniac duke sits twiddling the cat's whisker in an attempt to bring the Camel Walk to his lonely castle. It is now the heyday of the mews, sheltering brilliantly behind the respectable houses of the square. But those houses are still full of rich relations; and there is very little change in the machinery of daily life on a good income except that lonely people, whether ladies or not, are increasingly able to pool their solitudes. They are also ruder, wittier, more competitive.

Enjoyment, Mr. Arlen shows, was not the thing in 1923. Under their green hats the women cultivated the non-attachment of Melisande. The men hid their successes behind a screen of physical beauty and personal incoherence. Conversation consisted chiefly of the eloquent pause:

> She said suddenly, in an enormous voice which she had obviously been husbanding for the purpose: "No one wants me. . . ." And I think, but I am not sure, that she would have giggled if she could. "Iris, you'll have Masters in here if you go shouting like that."
>
> "He didn't want me, even . . ."
>
> "Who didn't? Masters didn't?"
>
> "No. God."
>
> "Oh, I see," I said.

The formula owes a good deal to another contemporary moralist, Mr. Noel Coward. It was so widely used between the wars that a student of successful fiction might suppose a whole generation of English leisure to have been affected by the example of Iris Storm.

widely used between the wars that a student of forcing upon the heroine as much experience as possible. The authors who dined out liked to give a casual impression that dinner-parties generally ended in bed. The change came during the 1940s. It was touched off by Huxley and Maugham, but with a certain austerity. Male saints cannot, after all, replace a female sinner; and the credit for bringing conscience back to the popular novel must be given chiefly to Mr. Evelyn Waugh. To jump from *The Green Hat* to *Brideshead Revisited* is a fascinating leap. Here is Iris once more, rejuvenated by Mr. Waugh's deeper sophistication, his more agile prose, his better jokes. But there is no concealing that at heart Lady Julia is only our old friend the lonely lady brought up to date. She needs no yellow Hispano, no suicide tree, no malachite pillar; she needs no assuaging dukedom. She has learned in twenty years how to damage more economically, to torment and to survive.

This is the third stage: the stage at which the novelist who is also a man of the world finds that it is no longer sufficient for his heroine to be beautiful and to oblige. The dinner-parties are combed through for a fresh attitude, and Heaven knows it is not easy to find one. Grosvenor Square to-day is full of the efficient kind of flat into which it is very hard to pump romance; those who still live pertinaciously for pleasure have reached the age when their cheeks become faintly *couperosé* towards the end of a meal, or they have emigrated to the Bahamas, or they live in the country and complain; until suddenly, like a passing-bell, the note of conscience is struck for them—not, so far, for the sins of to-day but for the comfortable retrospective sins of the bad old times. In fact, in order to bring back a warm pulse to the fashionable novel, the novelist has had to cross Mr. Arlen with Mrs. de la Pasture; he has been compelled, in the name of yoga, or the Catholic Church, or simply what may be called Debrettism—a romantic standard of upper-class conduct—to ally his chosen imperative to neglected visions of reward and punishment.

On the surface, however, there is little change. The recipe for a top finish has remained constant since 1907:

> (a) "It is typical of Oxford," I said, "to start the new year in autumn."
>
> (b) Her abundant hair had been fair until straw-coloured hair became too expressive, when it blushed a glowing Titian red, which was darkening by easy stages into brown. Presently, as she grew older, a few silver threads would certainly appear, for Mrs. Wheler had a strong sense of the fitness of things.
>
> (c) Hilary, like all middle-aged men who detest night-clubs, at once left me to dance with the first acquaintance he saw.

1907? 1924? 1945? One hesitates. But below the surface a change has taken place. Even Miss Mitford—most urbane of preceptors—has to kill off guilty lovers by invoking the Gestapo and childbirth. Mr. Waugh requires the majesty of Rome to punish a whole generation. After twenty years of the fashionable novel of licence we are back to the fashionable novel of rebuke. For superficial readers easily muddled by wit the difficulty at first will be to tell the one from the other.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

SUBLIMITY AND GOOD SENSE

Virgil. By F. J. H. LETTERS. *Sheed and Ward.* 8s. 9d.

The Odes of Horace. Translated by LORD DUNSANY. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

We are all of us Romans, however little Latin we may have; and a great part of our *Romanitas* is formed by the predominance of Virgil and Horace in Western poetry. Virgil is evidently the "greater"; he has always been the author who best fits the perennial concept of the poet as prophet and law-giver. A hundred generations have pondered every syllable of his holy text, and proved the deep sense of Tennyson's universal praise.

Mr. Letters packs into his *Virgil* something of all the aspects that can be considered without a deep knowledge of Latin, and his pleasantly long quotations are followed by a prose translation, so that this book is quite nicely what it intends to be, an introduction to Virgilian studies. The style tends to the dryasdust we remember in our Sixth Form Holiday Reading Books, and there is some of that familiar denigration of fashions twenty years after they have faded: "Even the dominant clever-young-man school of criticism has hitherto refrained from abusing Virgil for his Tennysonianism." Four pages devoted to rebuking Lucretius for being a materialist might have been used for deeper consideration of the layer upon layer of meaning buried like ancient cities in the Virgilian phrase, or in exposition of the miraculous power of Virgil's euphony and rhythm. But analysis of this sort, though it must be the core of permanent criticism of poetry, would perhaps have entailed a larger Latinity than Mr. Letters expects in his readers. And he may have felt, though he does not say so, that such work had better be left to the imaginative mastery of Mr. Jackson Knight.

In the exposition of Virgil's themes Mr. Letters is a good guide. He is particularly helpful in unfolding the poetic logic which should be applied to the apparent anomalies of the sixth book of the *Aeneid*: "If we grant the axiom that two or three senses often coalesce in the Virgilian phrase, it would seem natural to expect this characteristic to attach not merely to the phrase but to the incidents and developments of the poem as a whole." So that in the sixth book the modes in which men had thought, were thinking and would think about immortality, are written in palimpsest. Mr. Letters here seems to me to be making a contribution to the decoding side of the process of encoding that Keats described in "Negative Capability, that is when a man is capable of being in uncertainty, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason." I feel that the flow of contemporary criticism is towards a re-examination of the Sublime. Mr. Letters shows some right directions in a useful introduction to the poet who is with Shakespeare the avatar.

Petronius had the enduring word about the poetry of Horace. "*Curiosa Felicitas*" works both on the encoding and the decoding side: Horace had "dextrous good luck" in his choice of words, and in reading his work "our pleasure is in the precision." He is therefore one of the hardest poets to translate. But since he is also the most agreeable in the world in that he expressed, and indeed largely recreated sixteen-hundred years later, all that the Man of Good Sense thinks and feels, he is also the poet who most often demands to be translated.

One lyric has been rendered perfectly by Milton, another quite extremely well by Mr. Louis MacNeice, in "Winter to Spring: the west wind melts the frozen rancour." In these two we may find as standards for comparison: an exact translation of all and no more than the sense; an exact imitation of Horace's metre (Milton), or a translation of the metre into contemporary English terms (MacNeice); no word or expression that was not in the vocabulary current in poetry in 1627 or 1937; and language memorable in its own right (Milton, "plain in thy neatness," MacNeice, "the narrow house of nothing.")

Lord Dunsany gets only a pass in the examination, certain distinctions being weighed against a good many failures. He makes a close translation but is often too word-for-word: "My liver grows tumultuous With bile that seethes to hear his charms." Seldom merely wrong, as he is about the lines that utter themselves to every Horatian in a thunder-storm:

> namque Diespiter
> igni corusco nubila dividens
> plerumque, per purum tonantis
> egit equos volucremque currum.
>
> For Jupiter, who splits the clouds asunder,
> With flashing fire, drives often in clear air
> The horses and the chariots of thunder.

The point of the poem is missed by giving "often" to the thundering in clear air: it was the uniqueness that made Horace religious again. In metre Lord Dunsany clings too often to iambics which preclude any simple echo of the Horatian rhythm. In vocabulary he trots out all the sham poetic that comes back to us like the smell of cricket-bats: *bard, sportive, carping cares, gore, unbesmirched.* And I cannot find any lines that thrust themselves into the mind as Horace has carried himself into the memory of Englishmen. However, "And youth that is without thee mannerless" is an example of several moderate felicities. Finally, Lord Dunsany does not manage to convey that beyond all the intensely likeable poetry of pleasure and friendship, Horace often drives deep into the springs of imaginative truth. His Lordship says that "for two months he walked, however haltingly, beside the old reprobate's spirit." Two months is not enough. ANDREW WORDSWORTH

THE BADGE OF HELL

Racial Pride and Prejudice. By E. J. DINGWALL. *Watts.* 8s. 6d.

Black, according to *Love's Labour's Lost*, is the badge of hell. And as long as we have black sheep, black lists, blackmailers, blackguards and the black market, the conscious effort necessary to resist its implications will be a strenuous one, and worth few people's while. Even Solomon's little recruit was black *but* comely, and one infers that the daughters of Jerusalem were pretty pukka about it.

Since anti-Semitism (as it is inaccurately called) is one of the more highly dramatised forms of race-prejudice, it is perhaps worth recalling that Jerusalem, or the Old Testament generally, has a good deal to answer for besides sanctifying the idea of not suffering a witch to live. The legend of Ham has been invoked to furnish an economic, even a scientific, principle as well as a theological one, and Dr. Dingwall remarks upon the irresistible convenience, to meet the need of cheap labour, of having a portion of mankind which could on sound authority be excluded from the gradually developing application of Christian humanitarianism (the Ham legend is scriptural also for Islam—the pioneer, and for centuries the monopolist, of the Negro slave-trade). It was Old Testament faith that introduced a colour bar into Mormonism and wrote Article 9 of the original Transvaal Constitution: "The People shall not permit any equality of coloured persons with white inhabitants, neither in the Church nor in the State."

Look at it as dispassionately as one may, one can still be surprised by the penetrative power of the Ham-legend. We are sorry for a friend who has to "work like a nigger." We are indignant over people who are treated "worse than blacks." To call an Indian a native is insulting only because the word is associated with darker and more subject peoples, and the entire caste-tradition of Hinduism is linked with colour. The Americans supply a polite perpetuation by preferring "coloured" as an euphemism for "Negro"—and Dr. Dingwall notes that "in the United States there is no definite or uniform legal decision upon who is or is not a negro." How can there be, since the single fact that crosses between one human group and another are fertile, makes nonsense of every "pure race" theory that was ever put forward?

It is the old question of whether rational argument and exposition can affect an emotional attitude. Dr. Dingwall recommends the establishment of a clear distinction between the *colour bar*, which can be supported by rationalisations logical in themselves, and *colour prejudice*, the irrational attitude that lies below. Since his book is for the general reader, the injunction is probably necessary. FRANCIS WATSON

BEFORE THE ROMANTICS

An Anthology of the Enlightenment. Chosen by GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

What is an "anthology," and what is its purpose? The older anthologists, say from Palgrave to Quiller-Couch, aimed at collecting a posy of the choicest *immortelles*. They wished not to present a period in epitome but to assemble a store of "beauties" which they deemed to be for all time rather than of any particular age. Mr. Grigson sets himself a wholly different task: he selects a period (this time it is "The Enlightenment," roughly from *Hudibras* Butler to Fuseli), and tries to give us its very form and pressure. He does this by exhibiting an immense range of specimens: passages selected from all manner of writers—natural philosophers, divines, travellers, satirists, dramatists, architects, diarists, mystics, and poets of all kinds. Whereas *The Golden Treasury* or *The Oxford Book of English Verse* were meant to be dipped into at random or consulted for a particular reason, Mr. Grigson's anthology must be read right through if its purpose is to be realised—if, that is, we are to receive the impression of luxuriant variety (even though it be variety within uniformity) which he intends to create. It must be confessed that this is no easy task. To read such a book from beginning to end is like going conscientiously through a "period" museum; the delight, the surprise, and the instruction, which everywhere abound, are inevitably accompanied by a certain distraction and bewilderment. Gems of purest ray jostle with all manner of costumes and bric-a-brac; we are switched violently from lofty speculation to light bawdry, and off again to the pastoral or the macabre; and the mixture, though in a sense intoxicating, is also rather indigestible. One sometimes wonders why certain things are included at all, or why they are juxtaposed (though some of the juxtapositions are certainly very telling). However, it would be beside the mark to question Mr. Grigson's choice of material. He frankly offers us this book as one man's "individual exploration." He has made a collection, virtuoso-fashion, of objects which fascinate him, and here, in all its multitudinousness, is the result. Though it is often difficult to guess what principle governed the arrangement of the extracts, the general plan of the book is made clear by the main headings: "The Virtuosos," "Nature More Natural," and "Epilogue: Flowers Among Reason." It must not be supposed, even so, that the Virtuosos alone are represented in the first section; we have, along with the Royal Society group and their adherents, such writers as Bunyan, Thomas Ellwood, Elizabeth Rowe, George Fox, Tom Brown, Defoe, etc. Similarly, the section "Nature More Natural" virtually opens with Swift's *Humble Petition of Frances Harris*, and if it contains such appropriate things as Switzer on the Natural or Rural Manner in Gardens, or Pope's *Guardian* essay on the topiary art, it also (less explicably) includes several hymns of Isaac Watts, Gay on the origin of pattens, and Addison's *Journal of a Sober Citizen*. Well! These, one reflects, are all things which have excited Mr. Grigson, and we must take them as such. Perhaps, on the whole, the reader who wishes to get the best out of this book should be advised not to try to swallow it at a gulp, but to sip and taste at his leisure. He will certainly find in it much that is both rich

of rare, for Mr. Grigson knows his period intimately, and has done his work with great thoroughness. He has given us, not only the ingredients which had perforce to be included (such as the passage of Sprat on prose style, Ray on Universe with Nature, Dennis on Nature as Rule, Addisley on Shenstone's Garden, extracts from Blair, Savage, Hume, Warton, and much else), but also many infusions from less accessible writers like Thomas Burnet, William Diaper (a favourite of Mr. Grigson's), Thomas Wright or Matthew Green. The book is in no sense a mere cabinet of curios, however; Samuel Butler, Dryden, Rochester, Pope and Swift provide a large share of the exhibits.

Mr. Grigson presents this anthology, as he says, not to huff or to puff, or to admonish. It was made to show something of the variety and vigour of a hundred and fifty years of thinking, theorising and writing." In this aim it certainly succeeds. But Mr. Grigson has a further object in view: he *does*, it seems, want to "admonish" contemporary poets; Dryden and Pope, he urges, must be read if the generality of verse is not to go on liquefying, like a colony of inky-cap toadstools, into a black neo-romantic mixture." He does not want a "Georgian" reaction, but he feels that "the lean and active verse—and prose—of the Enlightenment, its active and strong habits of mind, do provide us with a control." It may be true that contemporary writers would usefully go to (technical) school with the Enlightenment; indeed, everything which recalls us to settled standards and clear convictions must always be salutary. But though technique can undoubtedly be improved in this way, "habits of mind" must arise from a deeper source, and it may be doubted whether Dryden and Pope can minister much to the disease of modern life:

"Denial and restraint I prize
No farther than they breed a second Will more wise."

The poetic imagination must now make its own order out of our special kind of chaos; it is a prodigious task, far greater than anything attempted by the Augustans, who worked within a fixed and accepted scheme of things. The Augustans may help us by keeping alive the idea of a possible order. But without vision the visions perish, and the order we now seek must spring from a recovered vision, and not be imposed from outside. Coleridge, as so often, struck the true balance when he demanded "a more than usual state of emotion" *with* "more than usual order," and declared that "the rules of the imagination are themselves the very powers of growth and production." Mere "romantick" strangeness or uniqueness will not suffice, yet in reading this anthology I for one felt, after sojourning with the "lean and active" brethren, that I was learning from Mr. Grigson why such things necessarily came to be sought after. This was probably not the lesson he wished to inculcate, yet we have acquired something valuable if, after reading his first two sections, we can relish with a deepened understanding "the horrid graces of the wilderness," the gloomy isles and tolling bells of Blair, the northern lights of Richard Savage, or the melancholy pleasures of Warton and Hervey. It may be remarked in passing that we ought to be grateful to Mr. Grigson for making us want to read more of *The Wanderer* and *The Pleasures of Melancholy*.

This book is of interest, to my mind, chiefly as a museum rather than as a pleasure-ground or a school. Our distance from the Virtuosos, for example (and consequently our difficulty in learning much from them) can be illustrated from Extract No. 49, Thomas Burnet on The Last Day and the Final Fire. We find, in this grand and sombre piece of eschatology, a kind of imagination for ever unreproducible since the seventeenth century; its quality seems to depend upon a peculiar crossing of the medieval world-view with the "new philosophy." *The stars shall fall from Heaven*, says our Saviour. But how shall this be? asks Burnet. It cannot refer to the fixed stars or the planets; if they "fell" they would not burn up the world in the approved manner, but "put all the inferior Universe into Confusion." The "stars" must therefore be comets, and Burnet is "apt to think that Providence hath so contrived the Periods of their Motion, that there will be an unusual Concourse of them at that Time, within the view of the Earth, to be the Prelude to this last and most tragical Scene of the Sublunary World." We may well envy the apparent ease with which Burnet and his age could satisfy the demands of science without destroying older "numinous" values. Science and Faith have moved far apart since then, and we cannot now unite them in Burnet's way. Yet, once again, to read Burnet is to recapture the "sense of possible sublimity," the notion of a conceivable synthesis: there may therefore be a lesson for us even here.

One minor point might be mentioned for future correction: Mr. Grigson's Note to Extract No. 68 (Dryden on Rhyme) ascribes the passage, unaccountably, to "The Epistle Dedicatory to *The Indian Queen*." In W. P. Ker's edition of Dryden's Essays the passage occurs in the "Epistle Dedicatory of *The Rival Ladies*" (cf. Vol. I, pp. 7-8).

BASIL WILLEY

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Democracy and Industry. By CONSTANCE REAVELEY and JOHN WINNINGTON. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

The argument of this book can be summarised as follows:

(i) The influential Puritan ethic taught that man has an obligation to give his whole industry and fidelity to his work. Not less important is the question of what the work does for the man. It ought to widen his mind, develop his personality, and hence fit him for democracy.

(ii) Some work, e.g. that of the doctor or the artist, in fact does this; but factory work does the opposite: it stultifies the worker's mind and makes him unquestioningly obedient and hence an unresistant participant in, and victim of, totalitarianism.

(iii) This situation worsens as mass-production turns more and more workers into unskilled machine-minders.

(iv) It is, however, possible to alleviate this position by proper labour relations, but these proper relations cost time and money, and hence are confined, or nearly confined, to uncompetitive industries and enterprises.

This is an interesting and valid argument which would make the subject of an interesting essay. Such an essay appears as the Preface of this book, and it appears again in the Conclusion. It is a pity that the authors have chosen to pad it into a book (which doesn't really begin till

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ROUTLEDGE

page 48) with a first section that is irrelevant, a second which overstates the case, and three appendices which are outside the scope of the book and consist of material already available, and indeed familiar, to students of the subject.

It is the overstatement which is the most serious blot on this worthwhile effort. Miss Reaveley is described as a university tutor of philosophy who became an industrial worker during the war and gained wide experience of factory life, and Mr. Winnington as a qualified engineer who has worked his way up in various firms to high managerial positions. They must both have been unlucky in their choice of employers, because their descriptions of factory life, even with the minor reservations they make, are not true as a generalisation in 1947, though they were in 1927. Whilst there are still many factories in which jungle behaviour is the standard, and whilst there are many in which selfishness is the condition of survival, I do not accept the authors' point that there is less altruism in factories than in any other form of human organisation, and indeed they contradict the point themselves within a page of making it.

Miss Reaveley's failure to assess the effect of trade unionism on the relations of management and worker and particularly on the abatement of managerial tyranny, is staggering: less than half a page is devoted to this most important aspect of the subject.

Nor do I accept that part of the thesis which argues roughly that non-competitive industries can afford good personnel relations and competitive industries cannot. For one thing, there is no such thing as a non-competitive industry: in the final issue, all goods and services compete for the same purchasing-power. Secondly, industrial de-skilling, which was the creature of mass-production, is now moved by technical impulses which will continue even when the economic impulses disappear. And anyhow, good personnel management has made very great strides; joint consultation is getting established. These are not luxuries to mop up surplus profits, but are simply good business. Forty years ago they were the most amusing playthings of the benevolent: now they are the sharpest tools of the efficient.

These weaknesses in diagnosis lead to inadequacies in the prescription. In particular, the authors recommend that the function of dismissal should cease to be the unilateral privilege of the employer. Good enough, but why only dismissal?—why not also all the many other things which affect the citizen's life as a worker, and on which the very concept of democracy demands that he shall have his say?

At the risk of deterring people from reading a book which really has a message, a protest must be entered against the sloppiness of the authors' writing. Somebody should tell them not to use a singular verb with a plural subject and not to write "a very great many people"; that "real" is not an adverb and "to adapt" is not an intransitive verb; and the correct title of the Essential Work Orders. IAN MIKARDO

SPRING COLLECTIONS

Modern Reading. Edited by REGINALD MOORE. *Phœnix House.* 6s.

The Pleasure Ground. Edited by MALCOLM ELWIN. *Macdonald.* 8s. 6d.

The Penguin New Writing. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Penguin.* 1s.

Grand Perspective. *Contact Publications.* 5s.

The first of the spring and summer collections indicates no startling changes in literary fashions. The editor of *New Writing* has long since found a sufficiently flexible formula, and our only surprise is at its still being able to be sold, coloured plates and all, at a mere shilling. Mr. Reginald Moore has lately put his *Modern Reading* into stiff covers and has added photographs, but its appearance is still rather drably "utility." Mr. Malcolm Elwin introduces into *The Pleasure Ground* a new miscellany whose "main theme," to quote the publishers, "is to emphasise the free and natural approach to life and letters as opposed to the conventions of urban artificiality so unhappily dominant before the last war." Finally, Contact Publications have modified the extreme bizarrerie of their first wild experiment, while retaining the format and the editorial unpredictability.

The unhandy folio size of *Grand Perspective* has anyhow been discriminatingly used for presenting a collection of Rouault woodcuts which, on a page where there is room to sprawl, loom out at us with their characteristic clumsy menace. In a pleasantly illustrated article Mr. Hugh Casson introduces what he asserts to be the very latest architectural *cri*, Sharawaggi. It appears to be a sort of Betjemanite approach to town-planning, which not merely accepts but positively rejoices in the contrasts, the quaintnesses and incongruities of the English townscape; a fashion, this, which should prove obligingly apt to a people who are at once congenitally ill-disposed to radical change, caught for the moment without an architectural tradition and at the same time "broke." The editors of *Grand Perspective* are evidently themselves Sharawaggi sympathisers. An article by Mr. Harold Nicolson is juxtaposed with a report by Mass Observation; Mr. Clive Bell lies down with The Future of Modern Industry: Mr. Peter Quennell nods across the road at New Sites For The Nations Work, and, to add an American touch to the whole, the letterpress is still not always distinguishable from the advertisement matter. Yet "the result," as Mr. Hugh Casson pleads for the back of Sloane Square, "is not a clatter of dispute but the gentle bicker of stimulating argument."

From this scrapbook one might, from turning to the three strictly literary miscellanies, draw a transitionary text from Mr. Peter Quennell's In Search of the Post-war Writer, where in his capacity as editor of a quarterly he complains of the bleakness of the present outlook:—

> An editor is alternately depressed by the spectacle of old friends trying to pretend that nothing much has happened, with the aid of many gestures and brightly allusive smiles, and that of newcomers, on whom the sky has fallen, doing their best, gallantly but unsuccessfully, to explain what it was that hit them. Middle-aged butterflies (to vary the image) are fanning lack-lustre wings: young toads expatiate on the excruciating position they occupy beneath the cosmic harrow.

Certainly none of the three literary editors finds for us the post-war writer, but if their manuscript reading is as glum a period as Mr. Quennell's, they conceal it from their readers as effectively as he in *The Cornhill* does himself. But the condition, if it exists, is surely a product of our "point in time and space," not of the current literary tradition, as Mr. Malcolm Elwin seems to suggest in the article with which he modestly brings up the rear of his contributors to *The Pleasure Ground*. Boldly dismissing Virginia Woolf as "a dull writer short of something to say," he calls on us to "abjure the vapid lures of urban artificiality in following faithfully the senses with which Nature has endowed us." Unrepentant admirers of *To the Lighthouse* will not be surprised after that to find that the verse in his counterblast is the weakest section, slack and oversimple, or that the best contribution is Mr. Douglas Goldring's highly urban, highly artificial, highly amusing story, First Baron; and they will note with a certain amusement the lengths to which Mr. Morchard Bishop has to go to, in his interesting essay on Arthur Hugh Clough, to evade the manner of Lytton Strachey. In support of the natural senses there is a travel piece by Llewelyn Powys about

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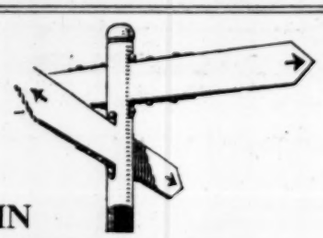

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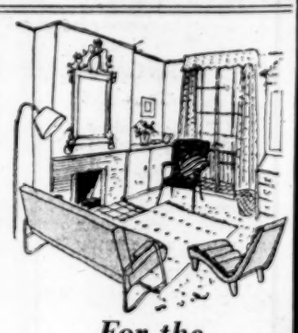

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the West Indies, Mr. T. F. Powys offers one of his rustic horrors, Miss Alyse Gregory an alpine horror, and Miss Townsend Warner a graveyard horror; while Mr. Middleton Murray feelingly and persuasively exhibits his conscience. The collection, however, if somewhat vulnerable in its pretensions, is enjoyably out of the usual run.

Mr. Lehmann is a younger son of the Bloomsbury tradition and the lineage is visible in the kind of taste with which *New Writing* is selected and embellished. Regular readers may know by now the kind of mixture they are to be given, but they are usually agreeably surprised by a new blend; such, for example, as the symposium on the novel in the last issue of the parent *New Writing and Daylight*, which also included an essay by Gide on Valéry. In this Penguin there is a long fragment of a novel by Mr. Graham Greene well worth printing, and the best short story in any of the miscellanies, *Above the Snow Line* by Mr. Tom Hopkinson. Poems by Henry Reed and Louis MacNeice, the critical article by V. S. Pritchett, these, together with the regular features, reach once again a standard to which we are too accustomed perhaps to be properly grateful for.

Modern Reading is altogether more haphazard; as an editor Mr. Reginald Moore is a crypto-Sharawag. The good, the bad and the indifferent are all to be found in his collections, and it is at least arguable that, taking the greater risks, he may be the most successful in finding the post-war writer. But not yet. Here there are good stories by Gwyn Thomas and James Stern, but the real successes are two extracts from forthcoming novels by Mr. Calder Marshall and Mr. Rhys Davis; yet dependence upon extracts is itself a sign of the weakness Mr. Quennell complains of.

T. C. WORSLEY

ABYSSINIA

Ethiopa. The Study of a Polity. By DAVID MATHEW. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15s.

Archbishop Mathew's *Ethiopia* is likely to be a standard reference work for a long time to come, for nowhere else are the curious likely to find so much accurate information on the subject of the Ethiopian throne, assembled by a considerable expert in African studies. Those who like to pursue oddity in their reading are also likely to find what they want here. There must be few phenomena in the history of the world queerer than the regal traditions of Abyssinia, in which the sovereign is surrounded by so grotesque an excess of formality that, as the author tellingly describes it, "the anointing never seemed to dry upon the head of the 'Elect of God.' His reign was a perpetual coronation." We learn how a nomadic royalty became fixed in the old capital Gondar in the sixteenth century (one of the few abrupt turns in Abyssinian history), and how this developed into a fantastic form of presidential monarchy, of *rois fainéants*, who appear for nearly a hundred years as a sort of equally wild version of the Merovingians. There is the extraordinary story of "the mountain." It seems almost impossible to exaggerate the peculiarity of Abyssinia, and therefore we learn without great surprise that Dr. Johnson's account of how Rasselas was "confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne," is not only a roughly correct description of Abyssinian royal education in his time but is an understatement. It appears that the royal family were literally imprisoned on the mountain of Wachni in this fashion.

What prevents this strange and interesting account from being an important book is that the author has not related his description of the Ethiopian throne and its dynastic troubles to the history of the country in general. His subject matter is too strictly limited. We never learn, for example, whether all this mad pageant of ritual was effective for any purpose, whether it was in any way desirable or not, and what sort of life was lived outside the palace walls. A few references to "bloody pastimes," castration, and other tortures, allow us to guess at a scene of loathsome barbarism, but we are told next to nothing directly. Another serious fault (perhaps inevitable in view of the author's official position), is that the story ends just when it becomes most interesting. The admission of Abyssinia into the League of Nations, and the Italian invasion of 1935, are referred to but not discussed. Considering the immense effect on the world of that admission, and of fascist policy in Africa, it would seem purposeless to write a book about Abyssinia in which the name of Mussolini does not make a single appearance. If the author is unable for one reason or another to examine modern events he should say so quite simply, instead of sidling off with a polite smile at the climax of his show. For this, I regret to say, is what he does.

Archbishop Mathew has been much praised on account of his style. In an age when it is the fashion to write with the fist his extreme care in expression is indeed refreshing. He presents his material with decision and personality. His error is to be too lavish with his wit and his idiosyncrasies; too lavish, that is to say, for the dimensions of his vocabulary. As a result his use of adjective which is arresting at the beginning of the book has grown monotonous after a hundred pages. He seems also to write a little too much to himself, and not enough to an audience, and as usually happens in such cases, there is doubt as to whether certain passages are intended literally or figuratively, and doubt as to some meanings. There is a sentence about General Gordon which is highly perplexing. But if the author would allow his brilliance to shine against a more everyday background, and if he would take a vow of abstinence from the use of the words "approach" "improbable," "unlikely," "great," and above all from the adverb "so," then he might easily become one of the ablest stylists writing to-day.

CHRISTOPHER SYKES

James Connolly: The Forerunner. By R. M. FOX. *Kerryman.* 10s. 6d.

It is more than thirty years since James Connolly was shot in Dublin for his part in the Easter Rising, and few people in England remember him. Yet Connolly should have a place of honour in the British Labour movement, for he was more than the leader of the little band of rebels who began the last struggle for the Irish Republic. With Jim Larkin, who died only the other day, he founded the modern Irish trade union movement and organised the great Dublin strike in 1913. He was a Socialist pioneer in both Britain and the United States. Above all, he was an original and brilliant Socialist theoretician, and there have been too few of them in these islands.

Connolly was bred a Roman Catholic, and he remained true to his faith until his execution. Yet he studied Marx and, what is more, he adapted his knowledge of Marxist principles to the problems he confronted in Ireland. Independently, he produced a strategy which combined the national and social struggles in his country in much the same way as the Bolsheviks did, with such effect, in Tsarist Russia. Like Lenin, he had little use for reformism, but, also like Lenin, he realised the importance of pushing the democratic (or national) revolution as far as he could in order to clear the way for the further and socialist seizure of power. Like Lenin, again, he opposed the war of 1914 from its outset, calling for an international working-class revolt against the imperialist belligerents, and he insisted on the formation of a disciplined and highly organised revolutionary

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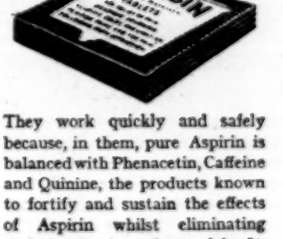

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nucleus—in his case, the Irish Citizen Army—whose loyalty and determination were unquestionable. Connolly failed, however, where Lenin succeeded: one ended before a firing squad and the other in the Kremlin. If Connolly had lived, no doubt the subsequent history of Ireland might have been different. But, in spite of his early death, Connolly's contribution both to the Irish national struggle and to Socialism was immense, and he has unjustifiably been neglected.

For those who wish to remedy this Mr. Fox has written a valuable biography, though it fails to seize the readers' imagination in the same way as his *History of the Irish Citizen Army*, published three years ago. Perhaps the earlier book robbed this biography of too much material on the exciting climax of Easter Week. A more definitive biography of Connolly could not pass over his contemporary background so quickly, nor dismiss the revolutionary movement so easily by reference to the other admirable books written by Mr. Fox. But this is a good book, and it is to be hoped that the publishers in Tralee will arrange for it to be available in Britain.

Week-end Competitions

No. 907

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a poetical portrait in which the sitter is compared with an animal. Length 16 lines. Entries by July 22.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 904

Set by Naomi Lewis

A criticism of any living writer by a writer of the past: in 150 words, or, if characteristic, 16 lines of verse.

Report by Naomi Lewis

If the silence of the illustrious dead could be broken, what would Shakespeare have to say of Shaw, Milton of T. S. Eliot, Keats of Middleton Murry? Competitors on the whole did not take up the dangerous challenge of these one-sided battles and courtships, preferring the critical—Dryden, Pope, Macaulay—to the criticised. (But there was no Lockhart, no Hazlitt, nor Lamb making a corner in some obscure poet.) Probability was less considered than style; for instance, a panegyric by Milton on Noel Coward (a nicely-turned entry, too) was just unlikely. Very regretfully laid aside were R. J. P. Hewison's Traherne on Huxley, Hassall Pitman's Hood on Sagittarius, Corydon's Dryden on Shaw. The prize is divided between the five entries printed.

FRANCIS BACON ON EDITH SITWELL

She evinceth muche Delighte in the whimsicall Employmente of Colours and the phantastike Marriage of seeming-contrary Ideas. The strangeness of her Similitudes hath oftimes invited Scofferie. But in *sheepskin Locks, goatish Snow, pigmouted Breeze, pencackling Grass*, and such dark Terms, the perspicacious Criticke may perceive the Struggle of Ambition through Experiment to Supremacie. Holding the Creed that in the Pursuite of Poesie Women oft fail by seeking to emulate the Man-Poet, Mistresse Sitwell resolved that her genius should grow naturally and in true Harmonie with her Sex. This hath she trulie done and witnesseth in the latest Heir of her Invention: *The Song of the Cold;* wherein by a most loftie, insolent and passionate Use of the Means at her Command she is become a Lantern of Light for all following who shall employ their pennes upon English Poesie. GERTRUDE PITT

John Milton writes:

Ther hath bin lately come to some Prominence one Master Bernard Shaw who doth shew a flowry crop of knowledge in many matters concerning the Publick Weale, and, not for the wors, bewrayeth no intent of paying Danegelt to Doctrin or Conformitie. He doth pursue with diligence severe attacks upon those things which are by some held most pretious and by many more do be but uncourageously accepted for truth.

Let it be here said that Master Shaw, though writing in that form best suited for declamation by the Players, natheless, his work is best Read privatly that the Force and Pungency be better understood. Yet I doe hold that in Saint Joan he doth treat the Papistickal wretches too softly, in Pygmalion he straineth too much upon the possibility of Virtue in the rabble. He hath writ a vast Advisement to women concerning Socialism and of this work I shall say that but for the Reformation hee could have constrained no man to print it. L. G. UDALL

Reply of "Clarissa" to James Hadley Chase, on being sent by him a copy of *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*.

"I am amazed, sir, at your temerity in forwarding to me this vile, this abominable work; and at the yet greater presumption, which permits you to demand my opinion upon the *style*, as also upon the *merit*, of the author.

You say you value my judgment, as that of a "*most excellent and truly learned young lady.*" The character of your composition forbids me to feel flattered at a compliment, which is provoked by it. Since, nevertheless, you demand to know what I think, let your freedom be the excuse for mine; and impute not that to discourtesy, which courtesy alone draws from the pen of one, whose pen was never yet employed upon so gross a subject. (If pens could blush, sir, mine would be blushing.)

Know, then, I aim not to separate the *style* of a book from the *matter* contained in it; which, if it tend, as yours must, to the utter pollution of every reputable feeling, makes that blemish, which should otherwise have been beauty; leaving no more to be said by, sir,

Your most faithful and obedient,
—yet, she must add, grievously offended,
servant,— CLARISSA HARLOWE
GILES ROMILLY

DR. JOHNSON ON BERNARD SHAW

BOSWELL: Then would you deny him style, sir?

JOHNSON: Yes, Sir; but he needs none. The dog has no prejudices. Style issues from sensibility. Read me ten lines of Swift, and I will show you the man; you may say the same of Sterne. We know little of Tacitus but his Histories, yet I would think shame could I not describe to you his humours. But who wants style to prove that two and two make four? If Shaw has sensibility, he conceals it. He ratiocinates; it is all addressed to our reason.

BOSWELL: You address yourself to our reason, Sir, yet you have style.

JOHNSON: I am a thunderer, Sir, and when I write, I must reverberate.

BOSWELL: Then you do not rate Shaw high as a writer?

JOHNSON: The highest, Sir. He makes his meaning plain. L. E. J.

MISS JANE AUSTEN TO MESSRS. MACDONALD & CO., PUBLISHERS

Miss Austen is sensible of the honour done her by Messrs. Macdonald in wishing her opinion of Mrs. Kathleen Winsor's novel, *Forever Amber*, which, though unsought, she feels she should return.

She would not claim to have perused *all* its pages, but from those she has read she has learnt many devices in the art she shares with Mrs. Winsor.

Miss Austen confesses her *amazement* at powers which can sustain and embroider one theme throughout a novel. It is a theme with which she herself is unfamiliar, but it is to be supposed that there will be many not so placed to whom the book will bring rewards.

In conclusion Miss Austen trusts she does not err in alluding to the authoress as *Mrs.* Winsor. From the peculiar knowledge so liberally displayed in the book she has supposed that it could scarcely be the work of an unattached lady. RICHARD POMFRET

Company Meetings

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE

DISTRIBUTION OF 30 PER CENT.

The twentieth ordinary general meeting of the Associated British Picture Corporation Limited was held on Tuesday, July 8th, in London, Sir Philip Warter, the chairman, presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

The net profits are approximately £306,000 higher at £956,174. An increased final dividend is recommended of 20 per cent., making a total of 30 per cent., less tax, compared with 25 per cent., less tax, last year. The gross theatre receipts at the 41s theatres operated by the group for the first ten months of the year under review showed an increase but, owing to the restriction of showing time imposed during the fuel crisis and the shortage of fuel in many of the theatres, the total figures for the year were slightly lower at £19,955,004 than those for the year to March 31st, 1946.

Despite the restricted studio space available it has been possible during the year to produce three important films: "Piccadilly Incident"—the winner of the "National Film Award"—"While the Sun Shines" and "Temptation Harbour." The public reaction to these and other British films has been encouraging. Plans are being made for the production of a series of major pictures, which will receive world distribution through Warner Bros. Pictures Inc.

The peak in cinema attendances has now passed and we must anticipate a somewhat lower level of receipts.

As an offset the repeal of E.P.T. will ease the burden of taxation and it is reasonable to assume that the net results of the current year's trading will prove satisfactory.

PURE DRUG COMPANY LTD.

THE 59th Annual General Meeting was held on July 10th. The following points were made by the chairman, the Rt. Hon. Lord Trent, in the course of his speech.

RECORD SALES AND PROFITS.

We have had a record year for sales and the number of prescriptions dispensed exceeded 12,000,000.

Net profits beat all previous records and would have been much greater if it had been possible to fulfil all orders at home and abroad.

Out of the Drug Company's net profit of £756,470 (against £619,459), plus balance brought forward of £180,887, the Directors recommend the allocation of £100,000 to Freehold Property Reserve, £42,000 for Overseas Development, and £200,000 towards Pension Funds.

The shareholders are asked to pass a resolution to increase the number of Ordinary Shares by 4,000,000 to enable the Company, if the opportunity arises, to purchase businesses, worth acquiring from time to time, on the basis of an exchange of shares.

STAFF.

There are still 950 members of the Staff in the Forces. Those who have rejoined us are settling down well and various training schemes introduced for all grades have met with a very good response.

We have tried to compensate our Retail Staffs for the lack of a five-day week by giving them an extra week's holiday a year.

SHABBY SHOPS.

We now have 1,209 shops open, but we are acutely conscious of the shabby and war-worn appearance of many of them. We can understand the refusal of licences to repaint shops, though we regard it as psychologically a mistake.

Large numbers of our people are withdrawn from productive work and engaged on filling in forms and coping with Government regulations.

NEW FACTORIES.

Lack of buildings is hampering the development of our business. The building of our new factory at Airdrie is now going ahead, after being held up by bad weather, but is unlikely to be completed before another year.

EXPORT TRADE.

Export sales to our subsidiary companies and agents abroad have shown a much larger increase than in any other year. We are now seeking ways of developing our trade with "hard currency" countries.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Even the Government are revealing their anxieties about the country's precarious economic and financial position. It is surely, therefore, the height of unwisdom that they should persist in their ill-timed incursions into experimental policies which can only add uncertainties and dislocations to the many handicaps that already retard our industrial recovery.

The Company's financial structure is sound and solid, its administration at every level is efficient and progressive, its relations with its employees are entirely harmonious, and it enjoys the good will of a vast public. But enterprise and expansion continue to be thwarted by conditions over which industry itself has no control. As long as these conditions persist, it is not possible to predict business prospects, but we shall do our utmost to maintain the confidence which immense numbers of the public have in our Company.

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE AND ELECTRIC

RECORD PEACETIME OUTPUT

THE annual general meeting of the Automatic Telephone and Electric Co., Limited, will be held in Liverpool on July 16.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Sir Alexander Roger, K.C.I.B., circulated with the report and accounts:—

Profits, including adjustments, total £440,335. The balance available is £238,869, from which your directors recommend a final dividend of 7 per cent on the Ordinary Stock, making 10 per cent. for the year, plus a cash bonus of 2½ per cent., and a dividend of 10 per cent. on the Deferred Stock and Shares plus a cash bonus of 2½ per cent., all subject to tax. In spite of difficulties and delays we have succeeded partially in our policy of providing new machinery and equipment. In addition, we were fortunate in being able to buy a small factory in the Liverpool area which will help the increased output required during the next few years for home and export trade.

For many years we have, with your approval, kept our dividends at a reasonable level and have extended our capital assets at home and abroad by ploughing large sums back into the business which, measured in volume of output, is much greater than at any time before the war. We have been able to do all this without increasing our capital. It may be that we will come to you for powers to issue additional capital. If we do, and I hope it will not be found necessary, it would probably take the form of a short term redeemable character.

We have spent much money and great effort in expanding our activities and we have substantial business on our books from some 60 countries, of which not a small proportion comes from hard-currency countries.

D

Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applics. invited for a Tutorship at Westham House, the new residential adult college in Warwickshire. Some organising duties in South Warwickshire are also involved. Graduates in English or History will be pref. Initial salary will be at rate of £550 p.a. Further partics. may be obtained from the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, the University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3, who should receive applics. by July 26.

B.B.C. invites applics. for posts of Language Supervisors in Central and East European Sections of European Services. Candidates should have wide reading knowl. of Slavonic and other East European languages, incl. if possible Greek, and/or Roumanian, and/or Hungarian. Duties involve supervision of translations of programme material, news bulletins, etc., from English into relevant language. Vacancies are in two grades, (a) Max. starting sal. £690 p.a., rising to £890 p.a. (b) Max. starting sal. £610 p.a., rising to £785 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1, marked "Language Supervisors," within 7 days. For acknglmnt. enclose s.a.e.

HERTS C.C. Watford Technical and Art Institute. Applics. invited for appointment of three tutors, in September, if possible, for newly formed Department of Social Studies (i.e., some day classes within the Technical Institute and extra-mural classes for young people and adults within local scheme of Further Education) to be responsible for: 1. Art and Craft, 2. Drama and English, 3. Economics and Current Affairs. Keenness and imaginative understanding of liberal studies reqd. Burnham Technical Scale. Application (no forms) should be made to the Education Office, Hempstead Rd. Watford.

THE Pioneer Health Centre, Peckham, is a laboratory designed for the study of the nature of Health as opposed to sickness. Vacancies now arise for medical women to train in the new technique and approach to health through the family, with a view to becoming active participants in the researches of the Peckham Experiment. The Centre undertakes the periodic health overhaul of its members and deals with the whole field of leisure for the family, thus affording a practical basis for the scientific study of health in all its aspects, physical, mental and social. Candidates should pref. be between 30/35 years of age and salaries are at the rates obtaining in the Public Health Service varying initially according to the medical status of the applicant. For further partics. apply to Secretary, 8K, Hyde Park Mansions, London, N.W.1. Tel. Padd. 6358.

WORKERS' Educational Assocn., Western District. Applics. invited for post of District Secretary at salary of £500, rising by annual increments of £25 to £600 a year. The District Secretary is responsible for the organisation and administration of the Association's activities in Gloucestershire, Somerset, Wiltshire and West Dorset. Duties include control of the District Office in Bristol, maintaining contact with branches and student groups throughout the area, arranging and supervising a programme of adult education in accordance with regulations of the Ministry of Educ., and conducting negotiations with the Ministry, the University of Bristol, and Local Education Authorities. Further partics. as to applic. and conditions of service should be obtained from Acting Secy., W.E.A., 91 Redland Rd., Bristol. 6. Applics. must be received by July 31.

MINERS' Welfare Commission invites applics. for posts of (a) Youth Welfare Officers at (i) Edinburgh, to serve in the Scottish Coalfield, and at (ii) Nottingham, to serve in the East Midland Coalfield, and (b) Community Centre Officers at (i) Edinburgh, to serve in the Scottish Coalfield, and at (ii) London, for a short period of Headquarters duty and then in one of the National Coal Board Divisions. Salary on appointment will be within the range of £490 to £740 p.a., incl. according to qualifics. and exp. Contributory pension scheme. Applicants for Youth Welfare Officers should have admin. exp. and a good knowledge of Youth Welfare organisation and applicants for Community Centre Officers should have admin. exp. and a good knowledge of adult social welfare and leisure-time occupations. Applicants pref. under 40 should also be able to drive a car. Forms of applic. from Estab. Section, Miners' Welfare Commission, Ashley Court, Ashtead, Surrey.

FRIERN Barnet Urban District Council. Applics. invited for appointment on permanent staff of an Assistant Housing Manager (Female). Salary — Clerical Division—£252-£12-£288 p.a. (comm. at first increment £264 p.a.), plus London weighting £16, plus bonus at present £48 2s. Applicants must have had exp. in management of Council Housing Estates and/or welfare work. Appointment is subject to Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937, to medical exam., to National Joint Council's Scheme of Conditions of Service, and will be terminable by one month's notice. Applics., stating age, qualification and experience, together with names of two refs., should reach G. T. Fletcher, Clerk of Council, Town Hall, Friern Barnet, N.11, by July 26. Canvassing will disqualify and relationship to any Member or Senior Officer of the Council must be disclosed.

L.C.C.—Required at Furzedown Training College, Welham Rd. S.W.17, in September, 1947, if possible, otherwise Jan., 1948, a Lecturer (woman) in History and Divinity. Good deg. essential. Training Coll. Scale sal. Applic. forms from Principal, to whom they should be returned immediately. (1851.)

ASST. Warden (Man), Sept. 1. Experience in youth work desirable. Salary £180-£200 with some accommodation if required. Write Selby to Warden, Alford House Club, 10 Lambeth Walk, S.E.11.

Appointments Vacant—continued

AN excellent opportunity exists for an engineer of the highest calibre to join the staff of the leading firm of Industrial Consultants. The company is old established and the position is permanent. Opportunities for earnings are high for men who can shoulder heavy responsibility in the production field and are capable of high degree initiative and original thought. Applics. invited from men with managerial and wide industrial exp. who have engineering, scientific and other high standard qualifics. and who are at present remunerated at a substantial figure. Fullest partics. of education, age, technical qualifics., and past experience, should be provided, in confidence, to Box 478, Strand House, London, W.C.2.

CHAIRMAN of group of companies operating in Britain and all foreign markets requires personal Secretary. Successful candidate must be first-class stenographer with good educational background and of proved admin. ability. Exp. in taking minutes at Board and Exec. meeting essential and gd. knowledge French desirable. Office Cent. London. Write, giving full partics., Box 7834.

BOROUGH of Cambridge—Ctee. for Education. Further Education and Service of Youth. Applics. invited from women with suitable qualifics. and exp. for following full-time post: Assistant Leader—Chesterton Youth Centre and Evening Institute. Salary Scale—£174×£9—£230 (plus bonus of £42 p.a.). (This scale is at present under review.) Further partics. and applic. forms, which should be returned as soon as possible, will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped, addressed foolscap env. T. F. Foreman, Borough Educ. Officer, Education Offices, Guildhall, Cambridge.

EAST Suffolk County Educ. Ctee. St. Christopher's Hostel, Lowestoft. Children's Assistant reqd. for this small hostel for boys; comm. salary £140 p.a. plus board and residence but this salary may be slightly increased for a candidate with suitable exp. Applics. in writing, stating age, qualific. and exp., to the Matron, St. Christopher's Hostel, Somerton Ave., Lowestoft.

WANTED for Open Youth Centre in Glasgow, fully trained and experienced Club Leader, to take charge. Salary £260 with accom. It is a tough job requiring initiative and a pioneer spirit. Apply with full partics. to Very Rev. M. P. G. Leonard, 16 Bute Gardens, Glasgow, W.2.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureaux workers wanted by Family Welfare Association in their Central London Bureaux. Applicants should have Social Science Diploma or similar experience and must be between 25 and 45. Six months' training given. Salary £250 to £300. Easy hours, would suit married Social Worker. Applics. should be made to Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1.

EAST Suffolk County Educ. Ctee. Beccles Sir John Leman School. Roll 405 (Mixed). Qualified Assistant Mistress, to teach Biology throughout the School, required in September, 1947. Salary according to Burnham Scale. Application forms may be obtained from Leslie R. Missen, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, County Hall, Ipswich, on receipt of a stamped add. foolscap envelope, and should be sent to Headmaster at School by July 19.

MIDDLESEX C.C. Educ. Ctee. Denham Court Approved School, Denham, Nr. Uxbridge. Applics. invited for appointment of a residential Deputy Headmistress at the above Approved School in an established capacity. Senior girls 15-17 years. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale and Home Office Report on Remuneration and Conditions of Service in Approved Schools. Applic. forms (S.A.E.), ref. CH/DC, from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George St. S.W.1.

BATTLE Abbey. Reqd. in September a resident English mistress with Hons. Degree, exp. desirable, to take the subject throughout the school to Higher Certificate and scholarship standard. New Burnham Scale and Govt. Superannuation Scheme. Apply Principal, Battle Abbey, Sussex.

SUNSHINE House Nursery School for Blind Children, Dene Rd. Northwood, Middx., needs (1) experienced and intelligent resident nurse (25-35 years) for children 3-7 years; (2) Assistant nurse for permanent night duty with healthy children. Good needlewoman essential. Apply Headmistress.

REQD. September, qualified nursery teacher for children 4-6 years, progressive day school. Apply Fortis Green School, Fortis Green, London, N.2.

QUALIFIED Nursery School Teacher and Helper reqd. 9.15-12.45 Monday to Friday. Church End, Finchley. Written applications to 9 Holly Park, N.3.

EXPERIENCED Secretary wanted end of July onwards for Country business, Burford. Unfurnished flat and small salary. Apply with particulars, Box 8243.

EXPERIENCED Shorthand-Typist, if poss. with knowledge of French and/or German, wanted by City export firm. Conven. working hrs. and gd. prospects. Applics. Box 7625.

EXPERIENCED Bookkeeper-Typist reqd. to take charge of small office Primrose Hill. Write with full details: Box 8361.

EXPERIENCED domestic help, interested in learning first-class food reform cooking, for Anglo-Swedish family of four in medium-sized house in Surrey. Box 7529.

CHELSEA Arts Club, 143 Old Church St., Chelsea, require a Steward and Stewardess. Modern accommodation. Stewardess: knowledge of cooking. Apply by letter to Secretary.

SECRETARY reqd. (male pref.). Knowledge of theatre and literature. Competent to undertake research. Sal. £350. Box 7596.

JUNIOR Clerk for typing, filing, etc., required for progressive post in T.U. office. Good conditions and salary. Apply A. Sc. W., 15 Half Moon St. Piccadilly, W.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist reqd. High speeds, good education and presence. Interesting post for one not afraid of hard work. 5-day week, canteen. Central London area. Write Box 7769.

Appointments Wanted

GIFTED progressive Actor-Producer desires part-time work of culture or literary nature. Box 7502.

YOUNG woman teacher desires intg. post summer holidays; some French, fluent Ger., typing. Some exp. receptionist. Box 7446.

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